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SPIRITUAL LETTERS,

BY

Mrs. H. A. ROGERS,

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WRITTEN

BEFORE AND AFTER HER MARRIAGE;

PECULIARLY CALCULATED

TO

ILLUSTRATE and ENFORCE

HOLINESS of HEART and LIFE.

"LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION.—FOR THIS IS THE
WILL OF GOD, EVEN OUR SANCTIFICATION."

ST. PAUL.

Bristol :

PRINTED BY R. EDWARDS;

AND SOLD AT THE METHODIST CHAPELS



SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

(Written in the nineteenth year of her age, to her Godmother, a lady of considerable rank and fortune, who, being offended at her TURNING METHODIST, required an account of her conduct for so doing.)

MACCLESFIELD, *November 12, 1775.*

Dear and honoured Madam,

I BEG leave to return you my most sincere and humble thanks for your kind letter and advice : and, as you are so kind to express a concern on my account ; I hope you will pardon the liberty, and allow me to say what is my opinion and belief, and on what *alone* I can build any hopes of heaven and happiness.

Man, as he came out of the hands of his Creator, was perfectly holy and happy.—In him shone all those amiable and lovely attributes of the Deity ; GOODNESS, TRUTH, JUSTICE, MERCY, and LOVE. But, by disobeying the divine command, he entailed upon himself and his whole posterity (for he acted as the parent or head of all mankind) the sure wages of sin, which is death—death temporal, spiritual, and eternal. The body of man became that day mortal ; his soul spiritually dead, and he was every moment liable to death eternal. The guilt of Adam, and the depravity of soul which he contracted by the fall, immediately devolved upon his unhappy offspring. And, we are told, when he begat a son, it was *in his own likeness, after his image* : so that now man is born in sin, and under the wrath of God ; and, if he die in that state, will stand exposed to the sentence

of eternal death. And what can lost man do in this case? Atonement for himself, or offering meet, he hath none to bring; and to pardon sinners *without* a satisfaction, would not be what is commonly called mercy, but it would be giving up the essential glories of the God-head. What must be done then? Why, God of his *free grace*, and unlimited bounty, has provided a ransom, an all-sufficient ransom, even his well beloved Son! He who is the Brightness of his Father's glory, and the express Image of his Person, became man to die, that man might live.

All that was necessary to be done to complete our salvation, consisted chiefly in these three things;—FIRST, a perfect obedience to the *divine law*:—SECONDLY, an infinitely meritorious satisfaction to the law and government of God, for the dishonour brought upon them by the sin of man:—THIRDLY, a restoration of the moral image of God to the soul, which image was lost by the fall of man. The first of these was completed by the life of our Redeemer, the second by his death, and the third is effected by the Holy Ghost. This provision, ample provision, is made for the salvation of man, so that God can preserve untainted his adorable perfections; or, as St. Paul declares, he can now be just, and yet justify and save penitent, believing man.

That Christ suffered in the place of sinners, is expressed by St. Peter in these words, *Who, his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree.* Also, Isaiah saith, *Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.—All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.* St. Paul saith, *He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.* And again, in the third chapter to the Romans, he saith, *There is none righteous, no, not one, there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God; they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.* Therefore, he adds, *By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight. But now the righteousness which is without the law is manifest, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Jesus Christ, unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Being justified FREELY by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ*

Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God: To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

With St. Paul then, I would go on and ask—Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of WORKS? Nay: but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law. For, to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt: but, to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin. Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness: now it was not written for his sake alone that it was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Now, from all these, and many more texts of holy Scripture which might be named, I believe, and am sure, that works are not the meritorious cause of our salvation, yet I believe they are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, and will follow as the sure and inseparable fruits of a TRUE FAITH. If you will be kind enough to read the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth articles of the Church of England, they will farther explain my meaning.

But there is a third thing also necessary to our salvation; which is, that the IMAGE OF GOD be restored to the soul. Now, this is done in REGENERATION. Our Saviour assures us, *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* And again, *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Nor indeed are we fit for it, till renewed by the Spirit of God. For, were it possible to be admitted there, we could not enjoy the pure and spiritual delight of the saints above. Their joy consists in an entire freedom from all sin and corruption; and in serving, adoring, and praising the Father of all their mercies, the Son of his love, and the Spirit of Holiness. And they are so far from being weary of this, that they think eternity too short to utter all his

praise! How irksome would be an eternity spent in this manner, to a person who never had his affections spiritualized, and his will brought into a conformity to the will of God?—This is a change which must be wrought in this world; for there is no repentance in the grave;—as death leaves us, judgment will find us. Then, *he that is unjust shall be unjust still, he that is filthy shall be filthy still, he that is righteous shall be righteous still, and he that is holy shall be holy still!* The HOLY GHOST is the author of this conversion or new birth; for no man hath quickened his own soul. It is HE that must begin, carry on, and complete it.

Now, *if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.* And the fruits of this Spirit are *love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.* And *they that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts.* *If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new.* And, Jesus Christ is made of God unto us, *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption: That, according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.—God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*

This, dear Madam, is what I believe, and this, I think, is agreeable to the word of God; and to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England; and no schism of the CHURCH OF CHRIST. Forfeiting your love and friendship is a great trial; but, believe me, when I think of seeking salvation in any other way, it seems as a sword piercing my very heart! And seeing my dear mother so very unhappy on my account, gives me more grief than I can express: and the thought of being detrimental to her in worldly things; and that my conduct should make you less her friend, seems strange, and to me is very afflicting: But I think these things ought not to be urged too far, especially when the soul is concerned.

I am afraid I have tired your patience, so will hasten to subscribe myself, honoured Madam, your most obliged and dutiful God-daughter,

H. A. RÔE.

LETTER II.

(To Mr. Robert Roe, when at College, about six months after his conversion.)

MACCLESFIELD, November 23, 1776.

Dear Cousin,

As I find by your brother, you have been reasoning with the enemy of your soul; and thereby, in some measure, have distressed your own mind; and as you request me to write, I dare not refuse, for I know God can use the weakest instruments to comfort his children; and often does, that we may ascribe all glory to him alone. May he who comforteth those who are cast down, be your support.

As to your falling from God, I do not fear it; and I am sure it is your happy privilege, constantly to rejoice in his love—that love which so clearly spake your sins forgiven. Oppose that adversary of your soul by faith: this shield (saith an apostle) *shall quench all the fiery darts of the wicked*. Be resolute and determined to conquer. Jesus in our nature, hath bruised the serpent's head; and your union with your living head, will give you power to conquer too. Fear not, saith God, for I will help thee. By a simple loving faith, cleave constantly to Jesus; and though earth and hell combine, they shall not be able to overcome or hurt you. Believe even against hope! and when things seem impossible to you; weak and helpless as you are, remember they are possible with God. Lay open to him your every care;—"His heart is made of tenderness, his bowels melt with love." He delighteth not to see his children mourning, cast down and oppressed; but kindly saith, *I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you*; and again, *I will send you the spirit of truth, that he may abide with you for ever*. The privileges of a justified soul are very great; for, *if a child, then an heir, an heir of God*—of all his promises. Praise God that you feel the necessity of heart-holiness; and press after it, even after *all the mind which was in Christ Jesus*. He is already your wisdom and righteousness, and he will become your sanctification. O look for it, seek it, expect it! expect it as you are, expect it now. Behold, saith God, I stand at the door and knock: open to your beloved, and he will come in, and fill your happy soul.

Be diligent in your studies. It may be a cross, but take it up for Christ's sake, and it will not hurt your soul. Above all, continue in prayer;—often read the word of

God upon your knees, and his Spirit will explain it to your heart. With respect to your situation, or any temporal thing, be not careful; live the present moment, and lay no schemes for to-morrow—you may then be in eternity! “Instead of busying our minds” saith Mr. Wesley, “with dwelling on the grievous part of what is past or to come, we should remember that the gospel does not permit us to dwell on any thing but the presence and love of God who fills our souls.” Howsoever you may be tempted, resolve you will not reason, except with the Lord, at a throne of grace. Seek more union and communion with your God: You may attain much of this, even before you are wholly sanctified. But O! never rest till all your evil nature be destroyed, and every root of bitterness plucked up:—till you have given your God, *all your loving heart*. And remember with HIM, *now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation*. He cannot be more willing or more powerful than he is to day.

As to myself, I see no end of my Lord's goodness. I find every day an increase of love, joy, peace, and union, close, intimate union with the GREAT THREE ONE. “All my treasure is above, all my riches is his love.” I feel I am very unworthy, yet, offering up myself and my services on that altar which sanctifieth the gift, my God accepts a worthless worm, through his beloved Son. He who is higher than the highest, stoops to dwell in my happy soul; and I have communion with him as a man with his friend. Sometimes, in the night he so fills my soul with his glorious presence, that I think it will burst its prison, and wing away:—and then, O then! where should I be? Surrounded with Angels, and convoyed by them to my God—my LIFE, my TREASURE, and my CROWN!—I can even now scarce support the blissful thought. O what a present heaven of love I feel!

“O what are all our sufferings here,
If Lord thou count us meet,
With that enraptured host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet.”

It can't be long 'ere we lay these bodies down—

“Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head!”

—“Rejoice in glorious hope, Jesus the Judge shall come
And take his servants up to their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!”

I remain your sincere friend in JESUS, H. A. ROE,

LETTER III.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, December 10, 1776.

My dear Cousin,

I AM thankful if my letter was any comfort to your mind ; to God be all the glory. I hope you are now enabled to rejoice, and are filled with that peace, which from believing flows. I hope your heavenly intercourse is open, and that day by day you open still wider the door of your heart, that you may more and more be filled with God. —“Ready are you to receive, readier is your God to give.”

I trust your studies are now made a blessing, and that in them you enjoy the presence of Jesus. Let not little difficulties discourage us who serve so good a Master ;—us, who have in view a heaven of glory ! Jesus left that heaven—to suffer, bleed, and die in our behalf : O then, let us take up our every cross, and despising the shame, manfully suffer with him !—Love makes all things easy—

“ ’Tis this that makes our cheerful feet in swift obedience move ;

’Tis this shall tune our joyful songs in those sweet realms above.”

I long to be all dissolved in love ; for *God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.*

I have had many trials and some temptations of late ; but I am firmly persuaded, that while I cleave simply to Jesus, nothing shall be able to separate me from his love : No, nor to lessen the divine flame which I feel continually burning in my heart. Those precious words, *My grace is sufficient for thee*, shall stand firm as the pillars of heaven : And when the enemy would tell me—in such and such a trial, thou wilt be entangled and overcome :—I tell him, my Lord hath promised strength equal to my day, and all his darts are instantly repelled. Nor do I *only* conquer : but after my enemy is put to flight, I have more love, more peace, and nearer union with my God. O the blessedness of intimate fellowship with him !—of possessing that testimony, that we PLEASE HIM ! Surely it is a taste of heaven ! And yet, it is only a drop out of the ocean ; as a grain of sand compared with the sands on the sea-shore ; only the beginning of an eternity of glory. O for an archangel’s tongue to magnify our dear Redeemer’s name ! We can but lip his praises here ; but we shall join in nobler strains above, to praise for evermore the THREE IN ONE.—“The heavenly principle aspires, and swells my soul with strong desires to grasp the starry crown.”

The Lord is carrying on a glorious work here. Our lovefeast last week was a blessed season of the out-pouring of his Spirit: Every one had reason to say, *This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven.* Several who came there burdened and heavy-laden, went away rejoicing;—three found a clear sense of pardon, and two others were set at perfect liberty from the remains of sin. The preachers all wept abundantly tears of joy, so were they filled with God: and indeed, I believe there were few dry eyes. Mr. *Percival* says, there is just such another pouring out of the Spirit in Bolton: above thirty joined the society there in ten days. I know this will rejoice your heart. O let us pray much for a guilty world! I believe this will be a glorious year of the power of God. I do not cease to pray for you, and remain your affectionate Cousin and friend,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER IV.

(To Mrs. Salmon of Nantwich.)

MACCLESFIELD, November 15, 1777.

My dear Sister,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, which filled my soul with praise on your account, I rejoice to hear your name is enrolled with the despised followers of a crucified Saviour. I believe I shall have reason to bless God to all eternity that I ever joined the Methodists. O may my worthless name never be a dishonour to his dear cause and people. May you and I, dear sister, never be separated from them, but by death; and all of us be united to the living vine, and bring forth plenteously the fruits of righteousness, to his glory and praise, *who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light.*

With divine assistance, I shall not cease to cry unto God for Mr. *Salmon*, and the little flock committed to his care. May they be such as shall be eternally saved, and their number be increased daily; May HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD be the motto of every heart, and his praise dwell on every tongue. It becometh well the just to be thankful: for who is a God like unto our God? O how great are his mercies! how innumerable his benefits! We may exclaim with *David*, *they are more in number than the hairs of our head*: or, with a later poet, "His nature and his name is love." O let our souls praise the Lord, and all that is within us

magnify his glorious name ! Once we were darkness, but now we are light ; once we were the slaves of sin and Satan ; but now we are set free, in the glorious liberty of the children of God, and our lot is among the saints. Once we were in our sins and under condemnation : now we are the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life : once we were enemies to the eternal God, by wicked works and tempers ; now we are reconciled through the blood of his Son, and he is become our Father and our Friend. Such grace, such love as this, demands our praises. Others may boast of riches and estates, their high birth and parentage ; but we will joy in the Lord, and glory in the rock of our salvation ! We are plucked as brands from the burning, and we will praise our great Deliverer :—Jesus is our Redeemer and our Saviour, our beloved and our Friend ; and we will give him our hearts, our lives, our all.

The poor unthinking multitude, *see no form nor comeliness in him, neither any beauty that they should desire him*, but we know and prove, that *he is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely*. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother ; that sympathises in our infirmities, and beareth our sorrows. He careth for our necessities, and supplieth our wants. He strengtheneth our feeble hands, and feedeth our hungry fainting souls with the manna of his love : In him is all we want, and he is ALL OUR OWN ; yea, and he will be our satisfying portion for ever. *Happy are the people that are in such a case ; yea, blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God*.

My health has been very indifferent for some time : but, blessed be God, pain is sweet, and life or death is gain : I desire nothing, but to do and suffer the will of my heavenly Father, and to increase in all the heights of holiness, in all the depth of humble love. I do lie at the feet of Jesus, and find his love for ever new. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst thus regard me ?

“ He calls a worm his friend !—He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end through Jesu's blood.”

I hope my dear sister proves, as sweetly as I do, the great privilege it is to approach a God of love in secret prayer. These are precious seasons to me : Here we may disburden all our cares and fears to him, who can and will save to the uttermost : By this we may renew our covenant with the GREAT THREE ONE, day by day, and receive from him fresh strength ; and in this means may delightfully converse with our beloved—lay open to him our hearts, and praise

him that knows every secret there. And how does he melt the soul with his overwhelming grace, that thus seeketh him! They are such ravishing moments with me, that often I know not whether I am in earth or heaven:—Surely it is a taste of heavenly bliss! I do not forget my dear sister and friend, when I thus approach the gracious throne. O pray for me! dear Mrs. Salmon, yours in divine bonds,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER V.

(Written at a time when she was supposed to be near death; and addressed to a lady of her acquaintance.)

MACCLESFIELD, *January 9, 1778.*

FAREWEL my Friend!—To the care of that God of truth and love, who hath been so gracious unto me, I commend you. May you prove all the riches of his grace in life, and lay down this earthly tabernacle with the same joy and assurance of hope I now do.—*I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, a never-fading crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.* I joyfully declare, it is by GRACE ALONE I am saved:—Jesus is all in all, and I am nothing.

I believe you will bear with a friend if she leave the following dying cautions: and O may the Spirit of holiness write them on your heart!—Deny yourself wholly, take up your cross daily, and follow Christ fully.—WATCH, FAST, PRAY.—Avoid all occasions of temptation *resolutely*: but, if at any time you are overcome, delay not to fall at the feet of Christ *that moment* for pardon and strength.—The eyes of EARTH and HEAVEN are upon you!—Many wait for your halting; more, I trust, wish you success in the name of the Lord: I am sure I do, and therefore write without reserve. Take care of your own understanding: Do not suffer yourself to think of it, but with deep abatement, that you have made no better use of it. Do not adorn your body now, if you wish to be found adorned with Christ in the day of eternity. I sit under the shadow of my beloved; while I write, I feel him sustaining my soul. O Jesus, great is thy goodness, great is thy mercy! I feel my insufficiency to speak of the goodness of my God; it is more than I am able to express: I enjoy in him all I want; but am daily more sensible, how little I am. O how his grace

is magnified in a poor worm!—You also have tasted of his love; may you follow him fully and stedfastly. While you do this, though storms should rise and winds blow, they will only settle and fix you more fully on the rock which cannot be moved. Believe simply and constantly, so shall you love stedfastly and entirely: then shall the Lord guide you continually, and satisfy your soul in drought; and your soul shall be as a watered garden, and as springs of water which fail not.

Farewel—I was going to say, *for ever*; but, AH NO! I shall see you again! May it be where we shall rejoice together, in that joy which cannot be taken away from us: Then shall we part no more, but live for ever in the presence of our JESUS.

“There, only there we shall fulfil his great design,
And in his praise with all our elder brethren join;
And hymn in songs which never end,
Our heavenly everlasting Friend!

H. A. ROE.

LETTER VI.

(To Mr. Robert Roe.)

MACCLESFIELD, February 12, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

SINCE I wrote to you before, I have been, to appearance, on the borders of eternity. My body was indeed brought very low; but my soul full of heavenly vigour, and longing for immortality! O what heavenly transport filled my ravished breast, when I thought I had done, for ever done with all below! and, as I then thought, in a few days, or weeks at most, I should leave my cumbrous clay, to bask in the beams of uncreated beauty—should stand before the slaughtered Lamb, and see the wonders received *for me*!—“Should fall at his feet—the story repeat, and the Lover of sinners adore.”—When I should be lost in Father, Son, and Spirit—o’erwhelmed and implunged in the fathomless abyss to all eternity. What I felt cannot be described: It was a real taste of joys immortal—it was a drop of heaven let down. But behold! I am yet spared: Infinite Wisdom protracts my stay a little longer, and I bow my soul in resignation at his feet. I am not my own, but his; and O may my language ever be, *not as I will, but as thou wilt*! I find I need not drop the body to enjoy the

presence of my God : He dwells in my heart :—In him I live :—He surrounds, supports, sustains me :—Wrapped in his being, I resound his praise ! O the heartfelt communion my soul enjoys with him—the intimate converse, the sweet fellowship ! My spirit is filled, and yet enlarged. It often seems as if mortality could bear no more ; and yet my desires are insatiable : I long to plunge deeper into God.

I rejoice to find by your last letter, that you are cleaving to your Lord, and happy in his precious love. O that every day and hour you breathe, you may sink deeper into him ! All, all you want is there. Let not your trials be any discouragement :—nay, *rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.* Remember, every cross is a pledge of your crown, and all your sufferings will add to your eternal weight of glory. I hope you are all in earnest for the precious pearl of perfect love : O look up to a present and a faithful God ! Ask, and you shall receive :—all things in him are *now ready* : Be not faithless, but believing. Hath he said, *I will circumcise thy heart*, and will he not do it ? Sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than his promise fail, if you only embrace it by believing. O claim your privilege—the inheritance of the land of promise, the rest of holiness purchased for you by blood !—Go up and possess it—fear not.—Come now, just as you are—empty, to be filled—filthy, to be cleansed.—“Sink into the purple flood—Rise to all the life of God.” Be assured I ever remember you at a throne of grace, and remain your friend and sister in Jesus,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER VII.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, March 10, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

I BLESS God that you learn wisdom by the things that you have suffered ; and that you feel every temptation from Satan, as well as your outward trials, do work together for your good. So it shall ever be to *all* who love God, as I am fully persuaded you do.

I have of late been exercised with various and close trials, but not one too many ; for all are permitted by MY GOD ! He is my portion, and reigneth in my heart alone. I have a happiness, therefore, independent on any creature, or any thing below the sun :—God is all, and he is mine ! “ All

my treasure is above, all my riches is his love."—O precious portion, invaluable treasure!—"Joys that never, never past—through eternity shall last."

I think believers, in general, do not meditate enough on their privileges, and the great things God hath done for them, and promised to them; from what they are redeemed, and the fulness they are called to possess. Let you and I now dwell a little on the blessed theme: Let us look to the rock from whence we were hewn, that we may rejoice the more in what we now are. Were we not once going on in the way to eternal ruin? dead in trespasses and sins: yea, slaves to Satan, and led by that grand adversary whither-soever he would; yet, sleeping secure on the very verge of destruction? O my friend, if God had *then* cut the thread of life, and sent us to reap what our sins deserved, we had now been lifting up our eyes in torments! But, stupendous love!—

"When justice bar'd the sword to cut the fig-tree down,
The mercy of our Lord—cried, let it still alone."

Yes, he spared our rebel souls—he shed his blood to ransom us from death;—pleaded our helpless cause before the throne, and mercy to our rescue slew. We were awakened by his Spirit to a sense of our danger; and no sooner did we truly seek, but HE was found. Yes, *we* found redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of our sins; and, from being the bond slaves of hell, are become the children of God; and now all the Father hath to give is ours—ours by covenant through Jesus. He hath the Holy Ghost to give, as an abiding, indwelling Comforter: This blessing then is ours. All the promises are our own:—*They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.* JESUS hath given himself to us, and the Father is our God. Was it not the word of our redeeming Lord, *I and my Father will come and make our abode with him.* And again, *I will send you another Comforter, even the Holy Ghost, who shall abide with you for ever—He dwelleth WITH YOU, and shall be IN YOU.* Here then are promises of the whole divine Trinity, dwelling in our hearts: And are not these promises sealed with the blood of the covenant? But, will God, the eternal Trinity, dwell in an *impure* heart?—Oh no! but, by entering he will cleanse it. Every root of bitterness, every remain of sin, and all the strong armour of unbelief, will flee before him. Can they stand his presence? No, no! GOD IS LOVE, and where he dwelleth, nothing but pure love can dwell.—"Thy

presence, Lord, I cannot doubt, extirpates inbred sin." O Glory to be God, what a precious salvation is here ! And this is the privilege, the happy privilege of all who have embraced the Saviour. All he hath promised, all he hath to give, is the believer's portion. Faith believes the record true, without staggering at the promise. The promise, my dear friend, is for you. Receive it then, and let the humble language of your soul be—*Be it unto me according to thy word.* O rely on the word of a God that cannot lie, and receive him as your SANCTIFICATION ; and as your indwelling, abiding Comforter, your KING and your GOD. If you feel the flame that is now kindled in my breast, you will ; this will be the happy moment.—Speak, thou eternal God, and let thy servant *now be clean.*

I have been led unawares thus to speak, but I believe it is by the Spirit of God ; for, while I write, I am indeed filled with divine and ravishing consolations !—My soul feels all I have spoken. Glory be to God, for I am most unworthy. I have much greater depths of humble love to prove, and my soul thirsts after them. O pray for me !—Praise for me the God I truly love, and believe me ever your affectionate sister and friend,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER VIII.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, May 15, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

I AM not much surprized that you are assaulted with the temptations you mention in your last : and though I feel for you, I have no fears on your account. I know the Lord will make your darkness light, your crooked paths strait, and your soul shall see the salvation of God.

It is no marvel that the enemy of souls employs his every artifice to destroy your peace. And will he not the rather do this just at a critical season when your outward trials are great ? He sees you pursuing the things, and espousing the glorious cause which shall overturn his kingdom : Marvel not then at his rage against you. It proves to me, that you will be an instrument in the hands of God, of much good to precious souls ; and that this dire enemy foresees it likely to be so ; and therefore would retard, though he cannot hinder or stop your progress. You say you " cannot believe till these doubts are cleared up."—Here is another device of

Satan. Your doubts cannot be removed till you do believe : Faith only is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one :—only Believe, and you shall be saved from all your doubts ; meridian evidence shall put them all to flight. Cast your soul, your fears, your unbelief, your inbred sin, your all at the feet of Christ ; and into the fountain of his blood, the depths of his love. Be determined—Lord thou shalt be my Teacher, Wisdom, Guide, Counsellor—my Atonement, my King, my Portion. Helpless into thy hands I fall—be thou my God, my all in all.—Yes, my dear friend, leave Christ to answer every temptation that besets you : He hath said, *My grace is sufficient for thee.*—This is enough ; be not faithless, but believing.

You ask if I am not in a delusion respecting my experience of perfect love ? Blessed be God, I have not the shadow of a doubt :—Even Satan himself finds these suggestions vain, and has left them off. He would rather lead me to doubt, or care for to-morrow ;—saying, such and such a thing is at hand, and will overcome thee :—Thou wilt fall in some of thy trials ; or, when death comes, thou wilt be under a cloud. But, through grace divine, I am enabled to discern from whence these suggestions come, and they never distress me for a moment ; for, by constant looking to Jesus, I receive fresh strength in every time of need. I know I am *now* right, and I trust him for all that is to come : and, through all weakness, ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness ; yet, I have the testimony of my own conscience, and the witness of God's Spirit, that I am wholly and unreservedly his—his in body, spirit, soul : nor does any thing but love remain in my heart. But, were I in a delusion—oh happy delusion ! It brings salvation—it brings heaven below ! Nay, with what I this moment feel, I could be happy in the greatest of outward conflicts and distresses, for Christ is in my heart !—I dwell in God, and God in me—I dwell in love, and love dwelleth in me—God is love, and *HE* is all I want. And is it possible we should be ignorant whether we feel tempers contrary to love, or no ?—whether we rejoice always, or are burdened and bowed down with sorrow ?—whether we have a praying, or a dead lifeless spirit ?—whether we can praise God and be resigned in all trials, or feel murmurings, fretfulness, and impatience under them ? Is it not easy to know, if we feel anger at provocations— or whether we feel our tempers mild, gentle, peaceable and easy to be intreated, or feel stubbornness, selfwill, and pride ?

Whether we have slavish fears, or are possessed of that perfect love which casteth out all fear that hath torment?

You ask how I obtained this great salvation? I answer, just as I obtained the pardon of my sin—BY SIMPLE FAITH. No sooner did the pride and remaining unbelief of my heart submit to be taught, and to receive his precious, full salvation, as a free gift of his grace, by faith alone, without any fitness, or worthiness; but I was instantly filled with such humbling depths of love to God, and union with him, with such discoveries of my own nothingness, as wholly swallowed up my soul in gratitude and praise. I knew the faithfulness of my God, and ventured on the promise, in spite of reasoning and unbelief, and all the lying suggestions of the enemy, and believed *against hope*, or whatever opposed; when I felt my soul sink into nothing, and Jesus became my all. I cried, this is what I wanted; I am emptied of self, and filled with God:—I am now where I ought to be, a worm at Jesu's feet, saved by grace. But a thousand suggestions were soon darted; such as, thou wilt soon loose it; thou canst not stand; when thou art tried thou wilt fall. I said, Lord, thou alone canst be my keeper—see *thou* to that—I have given myself into thy hands, and I will hang upon thee.—Thou hast promised, *My grace is sufficient for thee*. O the preciousness of these words! I shall praise God in eternity that they are written in his book. This, and such other promises have been proof for me against every opposition and trial I have met with, (which you know are not few); and by thus trusting the promise and the promiser, I have conquered: and, glory be to God, through his strength I shall still prevail. It is by hanging on Jesus, as an infant on its mother's breast, I retain my peace, and love, and joy:—By watching, prayer, and praise:—By pressing after deeper degrees of humble love, communion with God, and active holiness. Never were the ways of God so sweet as now to my soul: I love the narrowest path his Spirit and his word points out; and all my delight is to do and suffer his will. O may the same God of love fully reveal his great salvation in your heart, and be himself your rich portion for ever! prays your affectionate cousin and friend,

H. A. ROZ.

LETTER IX.

(To the same.)

CHESTER, December 18, 1778.

Dear Friend,

I AM glad to hear by your sister, that you are restored to a measure of health ; and that the Lord, the faithful God is still your support :—May he be so to the end of your pilgrimage. Lean every moment on your beloved, and attend continually to the lessons of his love. I trust you have learned many sweet and important truths in your late affliction, and are coming out of it as gold purified in the fire. You have no cause to fear all the legions of your spiritual enemies :—tempt they may, and powerfully assault, but cannot harm. I am led to believe, all the depressions of mind you sometimes feel, are, in a great measure, owing to two things :—First, not being deeply and clearly sensible what is temptation, and what is sin :—And secondly, accounting the inseparable infirmities of the corruptible body to be sin :—Such as, errors in judgment, failures of memory, bodily weakness, or pain ; and at times, through various causes, a depression of animal spirits. This last mistake may arise from another, viz. looking upon elevating, transporting joy, as inseparable from true grace. Now, I think you must allow, that, as free agents, nothing but what our will chuses in opposition to the will of God, or, as Mr. Wesley expresses it, “ nothing but a wilful transgression of a known law, is sin.” Granting this then, and though ten thousand sinful objects, or desires, in all the pleasing forms that Satan can invent, may be darted into our minds, or displayed before the eyes of our imagination, if our will and affections do not embrace or chuse them, but we resist and hate them ; in this case we do not sin, but conquer.

Secondly ; when, through various indispositions of the frail, tottering body, we feel a very small degree of joy ; nay, perhaps only a degree of *hope* and confidence, and, at the same time, the enemy, endeavouring to lay the ax of his temptations at the root of this : this, I say, is a time to take the advice of God, by his prophet :—*Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light ? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.* This text proves that joy is not inseparable from grace. It is not according to our joy, (for this is the fruit or effect of faith) but, according to our faith he blesses and saves, accepts and

loves us. Our love to God, his cause, his people, his precepts, all springing from the root of faith, are so many acts of the soul, which our dear Lord and Master approves and accepts through the beloved; and are inseparable evidences of our sonship. But joys, comforts, and communications of the Holy Ghost, are so many free gifts bestowed on us; because the Lord delights in blessing, comforting, and dwelling in us, and are so many pledges of his unmerited love.

Now, if the Lord permit bodily affliction, so that the animal spirits cannot receive the communications; (I mean, cannot receive them without an extraordinary exertion of his power and love, which, indeed, we often see manifested in the dying hours of those who love God, and I myself have often felt in sickness and close trials,) ought we not, in such cases, to cast ourselves by faith on him, lean on his bosom, and, without giving way to reasoning, believe he will make every affliction work for good? Surely we ought to trust him at all times—it is our privilege. Don't mistake me, I am not condemning a religion that may be felt; I would only prove to you, that faith is the root of joy, and not joy the root of faith: and that you ought not to cast away your *shield of faith*, because you have not, for the present moment, *much joy*. When we are beset with various trials, various temptations, and various suggestions; such as, thou wilt surely fall, such a temptation will prove too hard for thee, &c. *My grace is sufficient for thee*, saith the Lord—HE who knows all your trials. Now, when by faith we embrace and rely on this promise, knowing he who is faithful will perform his word; we are strengthened by a sweet peace, and well-grounded confidence and hope, that shall never make us ashamed. And, while we continue to live by this faith, we more than conquer, whether our joy be little or great. This is our shield, and God is pleased by afflictions to try and prove this faith, that it may burn the brighter, and be more conspicuous to all. Not that he is displeased with us for any thing, nor as a punishment; but, whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth. I believe this is often your case; and he calls upon you by his word, *not to cast away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward. And yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.*

With respect to sanctification, I mean the instantaneous work, you have the word of a God—I will *sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean, from all your filthiness, and from ALL your idols will I cleanse you.* Here is a

full, free promise. Do you seek this salvation by faith, or by works? If by faith, then you have no need to tarry for worthiness or fitness, but come now, just as you are. You must embrace the promise, believe it, hang upon it, rejoice in it as your own, trusting God to perform it. Soon as you cast your soul on him by faith, he will seal the blessing on your heart. May he reveal these things to you by his Spirit, and fill you with all his fulness, prays your affectionate friend and cousin,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER X.

(To the same.)

NANTWICH, *April 20, 1779.*

Dear Cousin,

You are quite mistaken—you do not try my patience at all; but you are made a means of humbling my soul before God, when you think me capable of answering in a proper manner the questions you ask: And yet, as far as the Lord has taught me, I am willing to communicate. I believe your eye is single:—You are a child of God, and an heir of glory—a well beloved of the eternal Trinity.—For you the Father gave his only Son:—Jesus the Saviour bled for you; and the blessed Spirit hath applied the blood of sprinkling to the pardon of your sins, and the comfort of your soul in all your various trials. I account it no strange thing that you should be assaulted like your heavenly Master, with that suggestion, *If thou be the Son of God*:—Surely you will not give way to reasoning, because Satan accosts you as he did the incarnate God: No: rather take comfort, for he that had *no sin*, was tempted in this very point, like as you are. A hypocrite may boast, he is never tempted, has no doubts or fear; but, a child of God (some rare cases excepted) is seldom long together unassaulted by our vigilant adversary, who takes every possible method and opportunity to attack our confidence in the Lord; and to work upon all that remains of the carnal mind, or of unbelief: but he can *only* tempt; he cannot force us to give way either to sin or unbelief. Neither think it strange that you are not inwardly as holy as you ought to be: Every child of God feels the same, till fully renewed in love, by the power of the Holy Ghost:—Till then he has faith, but it is often mixed with unbelief:—he has love; but, though he loves God above all things, yet the love of self, and of creature comforts, often steal in:—

he has a blessed measure of true humility; and yet, he is constrained to acknowledge frequently with tears, as *Jane Cooper* said, "Curled pride, that busy sin, spoils all that I perform:"—His patience and resignation are not perfect:—his will is not fully subdued to God at all times, nor are his affections and desires wholly spiritual:—The Spirit of God does visit, but does not DWELL:—does, at times, ravish the soul with delight, thereby wooing it to cast away unbelief, and open the door to receive all the precious mind of Jesus—all the stamp of love divine. Now, when a soul is obedient to the voice of God, when it does open the door, and grasp the promises of holiness in the hand of faith; he will come into that soul, and plant his own nature there: Then, when perfected in love, faith becomes constant, and unmixed with unbelief. Love takes full possession of the soul, and humility, unmixed with pride, lays him at the Saviour's feet. His constant faith and perfect love, now bring forth perfect patience and resignation. His deep rooted humility having laid all self at the Saviour's feet, his will is now quite subject, and all his language is, "All's alike to me, so I in my Lord may live and die." But, even this state is consistent with many ignorances, weaknesses, and infirmities;—with many temptations, trials, crosses, and bodily afflictions; and, on account of these, our joy may at times be small: Yet, our faith may be perfect, and our peace undisturbed. I believe our faith is often made manifest by following God *blindfold*; (if I may be allowed the expression,) I mean, when our ignorance and blindness cannot account for his providential dispensations; when we are beset with trials, and see no way to escape. In this case, faith says, *It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good*. Being confident of this one thing, *what I know not now, I shall know hereafter*; I will trust in my God, and not be afraid, for he is my all.

I have not time, room, or expression, to tell a thousandth part of the goodness of God to my soul. He is ever with me, and assures my heart, *all that I have is thine*. All my desires are satisfied in him:—I live in him, and walk in him, and he is my God.—He is with me in sickness and in health—at home and abroad—in public and in private. In reading or writing I feel his presence: And O! when I am bowed before his throne, he lets down a heaven of communicated bliss! Language fails when I speak of his love! O may my every breath speak his praise! I remain your unworthy friend, but happy sister,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XI.

(To the same : Upon the nature of faith, and in what sense the act of man.)

MACCLESFIELD, *August 12, 1779.*

Dear Cousin,

I CAN still see all your doubts and scruples in no other light, than as temptations and suggestions from an enemy, who is, and ever will be watching and endeavouring to break your peace. And, though I believe you will be brought through them all to the haven of bliss; yet, you permit him to rob you of much comfort, which you might enjoy: and he would rather employ you in answering his lying suggestions, than that you should be momentarily looking up to, and depending on Jesus for all you want. For my own part, if it were not to answer your queries, I should never enter into the nice distinctions you do. I have much more to learn myself, and am convinced many would solve your scruples much better than I can: Indeed, to speak properly, no one can do it;—it is the work of God. Yet, I am ready to impart, what himself hath freely given. But, I beseech you to read my letters with prayer, and beg of God that he will attend every observation with the light and blessing of his Spirit.

You say, “The work of justification is greatly obscured by many, and you do not exclude me—that I tell you, sometimes it is by faith, sometimes by works.”—So do St. Paul and St. James, yet they are strictly consistent with themselves and each other. But I sometimes think you understand by works, a meritorious condition: I never mean any such think. When I speak of the works God requires in a seeker, or believer; I only mean a co-operation with, or using the grace given to us. I believe, God the Father loved all mankind in their sins, freely and unconditionally, or he had never given his only begotten Son. And it was an unconditional promise, *The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.* God the Son also, loved us freely and unconditionally, when he left his Father's glory, and became man;—lived, died, and rose again for us. I believe too, God the Holy Ghost, unconditionally (with respect to any thing we can do) *enlightens every man that cometh into the world.* But then, these things being done for us, by and through the free grace of the ETERNAL TRINITY; we are required to use the light given.

If the Spirit of God convinces of sin, which is *his* work, we are required to forsake it : and there is always power to do it communicated. This forsaking of sin is an act of man, and a *condition* ; for, *put away the evil of your doings*, saith God, *from among you, and cease to do evil* : Yet, this is not a meritorious work. Again : If the Spirit point the guilty, heavy-laden sinner to the Lamb of God, shews the all-sufficiency of his atonement, and that the promises are made to such lost sinners as he is, who are weary of the burden of sin, that he has a right to come, because all are invited ; and that *now is the accepted time with God, and now is the day of salvation* :—that no price, no worthiness is required ; but he may come without money, and be forgiven freely ; when these things are revealed by God, which is *his* work, then it is that we are commanded to ACT FAITH. We are to believe the record true ; embrace it, rely upon it, and venture our guilty souls on the promises made through a bleeding Saviour. It is after this act of faith, not before it, God gives the witness of the Spirit. Do you understand me ? The witness, or seal of the Spirit, is God's gift ; not our act : given to all who do act faith on Jesus, and the promise made through him. But it is not given till faith be acted. If we, as penitents, had *no* power thus to act faith ; how would God be just in declaring—*He that believeth not shall be damned*.

With respect to works after justification, can any one retain his confidence in God without them ? Has he any foundation in the Scripture to do so ?—God absolutely requires that we should DO, DO, DO, (as you say) and BE, BE, BE : Not in a meritorious sense, but as fruits of the LAW OF LOVE, written in our hearts, acceptable and well-pleasing through Jesus Christ, and with every injunction he gives power to perform it. The power given is of grace, and the use of that power is the act of man. Again : When the Lord, by his Spirit reveals our inbred sin, and points us to the all-cleansing blood, and to the promises of circumcising our heart, &c. it is his work wrought in us freely. But, when this light is given ; we are to embrace the promises, and act faith upon them.—God hath said, I will do it. Let me ask, do you believe he will do it *in you* ? Hold fast that faith then, for the promise is sure, it cannot fail ; and God's time is *now*. Only believe : God at this moment requires an act of faith in you : He holds out the promise, and bids you believe. But you will say, I do not feel the blessing : Poor Thomas :—because thou hast not *seen*, thou wilt not believe ;—*Blessed are they who have not seen, and*

yet have believed. But you ask, "What must I believe?" I answer, that God is faithful—that he *can* and *will*, in a moment, give you what now you do not feel: Nay, you will not feel it till after you have believed. If I had given you an apple, it would not be faith to believe I had given it: but, if I had promised to give you one, and to give it you instantly on your requesting it; if you then believed my promise, and took me at my word, though you did not yet see or handle the apple, this would be your act of faith *in me*. But how much more immutable the promise of a God!—You cannot believe *him in vain*: Even suppose (which is seldom the case) you thus act faith a day or two, or longer, before you receive the witness; shall you be the worse for it? Nay, but far better for having believed: this faith *will* bring power into your soul, and you will sensibly feel what you never felt before: and soon you will prove the Spirit's inward testimony, that it is done unto you according to your faith. But you will say, "How is the work instantaneous, if I must wait a day or two?" I answer, the work is done the moment you believe; though the witness of the Spirit (which is not your faith, but the gift of God) be not fully given till afterwards. *He that believeth* (the promise faith) *shall be saved*—from guilt, from inbred sin, and into glory.

It appears to me, you labour under another mistake:—You expect in being saved from sin, to be also delivered from temptation, short-comings, weaknesses and infirmities; but these are inseparable from humanity. We shall never have a perfect body till the resurrection: of consequence, shall be liable to a thousand infirmities.—We shall never have perfect knowledge in this life: and shall therefore ever be liable to errors in judgment, &c. The perfect law of *Adam* would condemn these things: but we are under the covenant of grace; or, in other words, under the *LAW OF LOVE TO CHRIST*; whose blood every moment pleads for these things. May the God of peace and love teach and guide you into his perfect will, prays your affectionate cousin,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XII.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, *January 14, 1780.*

Dear Cousin,

I AM willing to answer any question, or write in any manner that will give your soul satisfaction—break any snare of the enemy, or, in any way whatsoever glorify God : but, I am often led to think you do not want information in your judgment respecting these things ; and therefore, that your aim is to see how far I am, or am not, consistent with myself in my different letters. Were many people to peruse what I write to you, they would think it very presuming in me to argue points of doctrine, or experience with you, who are intended to be a teacher in Israel : yet, you so draw me in, that I dare not refuse. I rejoice to hear that your soul is more happy in God than when you wrote before. O live near to him, and press forward, and all is yours ! I would again repeat, trample upon all that is past, and come this moment to Jesus by faith alone, for present, instantaneous, perfect love.—“ Ready are you to receive—readier is your God to give.”

But I must hasten to consider your objections.—You ask, if I, “ previous to justification, forsake all sin, and have power to keep myself from evil, by the grace I receive from the convincing Spirit of God :—what need of his free justifying or sanctifying grace ? On the other hand, if I offend (say you) in one point, not being faithful to the grace of conviction ; am I never afterwards to be accepted, even by the gospel-charter ?—How agrees this (you go on to ask) with trampling, as you often bid me, on my worthiness and unworthiness, and coming by faith alone ?” I would here put a few questions to you, and I beseech you answer them to the Lord. Can your forsaking all sin now, (though it be pleasing to God, and what he requires and commands) cancel your *old sins*, or obtain forgiveness for what is past ?—Have you no need then, of the free, justifying grace of God, to be received by faith alone ?—On the other hand ; if you resist the convincing Spirit of God, and continue in sin, contrary to his strivings and drawings ; will he continue his operations, and, in spite of you, work that faith in you, which alone justifies the ungodly ? Yet, consistent with these things, you may, through the power of temptation, and your evil, unregenerate nature, have been overcome and given way, not being faithful to the grace of light and

conviction : and yet, you may still come, hating the sin you have committed, and burdened with your past unfaithfulness, trampling on your present worthiness or unworthiness, come just as you are—a poor prodigal, a condemned malefactor to Jesus, and receive freely, by faith alone, the mercy and the pardon you no ways deserve.

Again, you are now a believer, but feel the remains of a carnal nature. It is your happy privilege, through the spirit to mortify the deeds of the body, or the motions of the body of sin, that still works in your members : This is pleasing unto God, and what he requires, as fruits of that faith, whereby he hath promised you shall be able to quench every fiery dart of the Devil. But, supposing you do this without once being unfaithful to the grace of justification, (and alas ! very few, if any, can truly plead they have been so) will this cleanse your heart from the root of inbred sin ? ah no ! And have you no need then of the free, sanctifying grace of God, to be received by faith alone ? If, on the other hand, you are willingly, willfully, or habitually unfaithful to grace given, are led captive and overcome by your inbred sin or outward temptations ; if you *resist* the teachings of the Spirit of God, who would point you to the all-cleansing blood, and do not earnestly seek to go on unto perfection, neither desire holiness, will he come forcibly, and take possession of your heart, and *dwell* there, whether you will or no ? Yet, consistent with what I have urged, though you may be deeply conscious you have not been *strictly faithful* to justifying grace ; nay, through surprize, or temptation, you have been vanquished, and foiled and overcome by inward corruption ; yet, coming self-condemned and humbled in the dust to Jesus ; will he refuse freely to forgive ; yea, and (if you earnestly desire it, and come by faith alone to receive it) to cleanse you from all unrighteousness ?

You ask, how am I to learn the difference between sin and temptation ? I own there is some difficulty here ; I mean, in discerning between the motions of inbred sin, while it yet remains, and the temptations of Satan. Nothing but the Spirit of God, by his inward teaching, can make it clear to you. But this we know, whether our temptations are from our evil hearts when unrenewed, or from the enemy ; if our will stand firm for God, and oppose all that would rise, or is offered contrary to his will ; he is so far from accounting us guilty of sin, that he approves and will reward the victory. But, O rest not without inward purity ; and when

your heart is cleansed from all sin, you will see more fully the nature of temptation.

Pray let us know if you are likely soon to get ordained ; and if you are, whether you will accept the curacy now offered you. I hope you had a profitable time with Mr. *Wesley*. I had a precious season when he was here ; and I think I never saw him so full of the Spirit of his Master—so full of God. May the Lord fill your earthen vessel with all his fulness, and keep you to redemption's day, prays your affectionate cousin and friend,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XIII.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, November 2, 1780.

My dear Friend,

I REJOICE to find by the contents of your last, that you are pressing on to the attainment of that fulness which God calls you to enjoy : and I trust you will soon experience that blessed rest—from self and sin set free. The suggestion, that this blessing will be more than you can bear, is apparently from an enemy :—Ah no ! but it will enable you to bear all things. If you expect to be overwhelmed with exceeding great joy when you receive this ; I think you are not expecting it in the way it is generally given. I look upon joy as an effect, or a fruit, and not the blessing itself. With me it was thus : I was humbled and self-emptied, and Jesus became my all in all ! I felt myself all weakness, (yea, as I *never* did before) and HE was all my strength :—I all ignorance, HE my Wisdom :—I all nothingness, HE all fulness :—I all helplessness, HE omnipotence. I flew from myself, and escaped to Jesus : HE received me graciously, freely, without money, without price, without worthiness or faithfulness, and became all my salvation, and all my desire : Humbled in lowest abasement at his boundless condescension, and filled with love, I felt that I was ONE WITH GOD.

If the enemy were to suggest, though you were to feel this, you could not retain it ; remember, you receive the blessing that it may *keep you*. You have only to hang momentarily dependent on Jesus, and he will be your keeper. Faith is the bond of union ; and in your union with him lies your strength. He will water you every moment : yea, he will be in you, as a well of water springing up unto ever-

lasting life. Jesus himself is all you want :—He is holiness—he is heaven—he is yours. O bring your polluted heart then, just as it is ; and he will take full possession ! O come by simple faith !

“ Faith, mighty faith the promise sees, and looks to that alone :
Laughs at impossibilities, and cries, ‘ It shall be done’.”

My state of health is better than it has been for some years ; but, glory be to God, not half so well as my better part ! Oh no !—So plentiful, so rich is my Redeemer’s love, that thought cannot fathom it :—It seems but now beginning an eternity of bliss ! O how sweet the service of such a Master, such a God !—how reasonable, how delightful all his paths ! what solid, present peace !—what antepasts of heavenly joys, when we walk in communion with him. If we have any sorrow, any abiding doubts or fears ; surely it is because we know not, as fully as we may know, the nature of a GOD OF LOVE. When we suffer him to reveal to us what he is, the lovely discovery transforms us into his image, and dispels every thought but love. Beholding HIM, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord.

My thirsty soul earnestly longs to know him more : but his love is unfathomable ;—yet every day brings me fresh discoveries ! and I believe, what we are capable of receiving, he will reveal to all who love him. Open then your heart :—permit him, and he will give you such ravishing views of his beauty, as you never had before : such views as will dissolve your heart in humble love, and fill your eyes with joyful tears.—You will see and own, “ His every act pure blessing is ;—his path un sullied light.” May what I now feel be communicated to your spirit, and God be your eternal portion, prays your affectionate sister and friend,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XIV.

(To Miss Bourn, of Newcastle, Staffordshire.)

MACCLESFIELD, August 20, 1778.

My dear Sister,

I was glad to receive yours by Mr. Hall. It always gives me pleasure to hear from you. In the bonds of divine love, my soul is united to yours : and, from the contents of your letter, as well as the power I have in your

behalf with my God, I am assured, that before long, you will be a happy witness that Jesus can, and will, and does destroy the last remains of sin in his children's hearts in this life: yea, in every such heart, who does truly hunger and thirst after righteousness. You do hunger and thirst:—O that you could look to him this moment as a present Saviour! Is he not so?—Do you not now feel his loving presence?—Are you not his—the purchase of his blood—the new-made creature of his love—born of God, and become his child?—Is not Jesus your beloved and your friend?—Can he then deny his own Spirit's cry in your heart: and that too, when all you ask is, that he will destroy his own enemies in your soul, and enable you to love him with all your heart? But, as to that temptation, if you receive it now, you will soon lose it: is he not as able and willing and faithful to keep, as he is to save? Yes, glory to his dear name, I *know* he is. He is the all-sufficient God, and, saith he, *My strength is made perfect in weakness*. Trust him then, poor, weak, and helpless soul. “But it is not long enough since you were justified.”—Does God tell you so?—Has he set any limited time? None that I know of, except the present. He saith, *Now, to day if you will hear my voice*.—And again; *Now is the day of salvation*.—And again; *Come, for all things are now ready*. He has commanded, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength*: and he hath promised, *I will circumcise thy heart, that thou mayest do it*. But, does he ever say, suffer so much, or stay so long, and I will do it? Nay, but he saith, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full*.

My dear Miss Bourn, there are some in this town, who have not been justified so long as you; who have received, and do profess this blessing. O then, come once more, even as you came when first reconciled to God, and cast your soul simply on Jesus! Would he bleed for us when rebels, and will he refuse to avenge us of our inbred foe, when we are his beloved children? Surely no; it cannot be. I hope soon to see my dear friend, and that she will be able to tell me, she has obtained this precious salvation.

Did you ever read Mr. Wesley's Sermon on the Scripture-way of Salvation? You would do well to consider the conclusion of it attentively. “Hereby” says he, “you may surely know whether you are seeking to be sanctified by faith, or by works. If by works, you want some-

thing to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think I must first *BE*; or *DO* thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. On the other hand; if you seek it by *FAITH*, you may expect it *as you are*: and if as you are, then expect it *now*. Do you believe we are sanctified by faith? Be true then to your principle, and look for this blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse: as a poor sinner that has still nothing to pay, nothing to plead, but Christ died. And if you look for it as you are, expect it *now*: stay for nothing: why should you? Christ is ready: and he is all you want." Let your inmost soul cry out,

"Come in, come in thou heavenly guest, nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul, with all thy weight of love."

Glory be to God, he carries on a glorious work among us here. Sinners are convinced, many are justified; and lately, several backsliders are restored. One poor soul, that has been long wandering from her God, was restored last night, while a few of us were at prayer. I am, my dear Friend,
yours in Jesus, H. A. ROE.

LETTER XV.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, November 15, 1778.

My dear Sister,

YOUR letter caused great thanksgivings to God on your account: all glory be to him, who hath encreased your desires after holiness. Fear not, you will surely attain, if you follow on. That lovely Lamb that bled on Calvary, was slain for this—to *redeem us from all iniquity*. O look to him: behold the glory of God! See the God of angels: O look at his precious bleeding side—his hands, his head, his feet! Behold him gasping, groaning, dying, that you might be made clean! Hear him cry, *It is finished*. How finished, if his blood cleanseth not from all sin? *Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord*. But, glory to his name, whoever steps into that fountain, which is expressly said to be for sin and for uncleanness, shall be made perfectly whole. O let your faith venture in: wash and be clean:—"Sink into the purple flood—rise to all the life of God."

Open, my dear sister, open your willing, longing heart, and the King of Glory will come in. And then be assured, "all evil before his presence shall fly." Sin cannot remain where Jesus fully dwells: for he is Holiness, and when he

fills the soul, he leaves no room for any other guest. Whenever you can say, Jesus, thou art my all, and I love my God the present moment, with all my loving heart: you that moment possess the blessing of sanctification, and never need to lose it more. It is retained, as well as received, by simple faith. We can have no stock of grace in hand, but live moment by moment; hanging and depending on the lovely JESUS. In him there is a full supply of all we want, or can want.

This, blessed be God, I prove, and that continually.—Every hour, every moment brings me fresh delight in God. He is an inexhaustible fountain of love:—"Infatiate to this spring I fly, I drink, and yet am ever dry." I cannot express the sweet union I feel with my God at this moment.

"My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

I am much blest when I remember my dear friend at the throne of grace: and often do I beseech my dear Lord to

"Fill her with all the life of love—in mystic union join
Her to thyself, and let her prove the fellowship divine."

Jesus is unspeakably precious while I write:—May you catch the flame I feel: and when your cup with love runs o'er, O may sin never enter more! So prays, my dear Sister,
yours in divine bonds,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XVI.

(To Miss R. before she received sanctification.)

MACCLESFIELD, *November 21, 1778.*

LAST Thursday evening I was pleasingly surprized by a letter from my dear Miss R. who I sometimes feared had forgot all her purposes and promises: and also, all the blessings she so often received when we met in our Lord's name. I was glad to find my fears groundless; but much more pleased and thankful was I to find by the contents of your last, that your precious soul was still labouring up the hill of holiness:—Go on and prosper. Many are the trials we meet with in the way: yea, our Lord hath foretold us, that in the world we shall have tribulation, but in him, peace, which is the seal of cancelled sin.

I hope you keep a sense, yea, a clear sense of pardon at the worst of times. This is your privilege, and I am thankful you discern such beauty in holiness: O how sweet are

those words!—*Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.* You have cause to praise God for the knowledge he has given you of your nature's depravity. It is very good and profitable to know our sinful tendencies. O my dear, be very watchful against *little things*, and *keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life and death.* Let God have your first thoughts; let him be first in your affections; so shall your words and works please him: for, what are all our works to him, unless they spring from love? Daily entreat him to take away all opposition that remains in your will, to his providential order; so shall you find rest in those circumstances, which otherwise would give you much uneasiness. The meditations of your heart leading to him; the affections of your soul cleaving to Jesus; your will sinking into *his* will;—here is the rest of the Saints! while all that is within you calls your Jesus KING. *Whatever ye ask in my name, saith your adorable Redeemer, you shall receive.* Ask then, my dear friend, for a greater power of faith; for, as you believe, so will you increase in every grace of his Spirit; and your soul will more and more centre in God, till you become one spirit with him, who is the life of all living; yea, the very essence of heaven itself!

“To his meritorious passion, all our happiness we owe;
Pardon, uttermost salvation, heaven above, and heaven below:
Grace and glory from that open fountain flow.”

To the bosom of our dear almighty Jesus I commend you: O may his face always shine upon you, and his dear loving Spirit fill your soul! Pray much, and you shall attain all the salvation you desire. I am yours in bonds of divine love,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XVII.

(To a Preacher of the gospel, in answer to some enquiries relating to the state of her soul.)

MACCLESFIELD, December 6, 1778.

Dear Sir,

To tell you one thousandth part of the preciousness of Jesus, is a task impossible to men or angels. To *my* soul, he is truly the altogether lovely;—the one object in which all my desires, expectations, and affections centre—the Alpha and the Omega. To him my more than all I owe, being snatched by his grace, a brand from everlasting burnings! My Surety he is; my Life, my Peace, my Treasure.

my Husband, brother, Friend—my Wisdom, my Righteousness, my Sanctification ; my all in all, for time and for eternity. Him, and him alone, I desire :—him, and him alone, I love.

“ Have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And defecrate the whole :—
His loveliness my soul hath prepossessed;
And left no room for any other guest.”

Yet, O how is my heart expanded, when I see, I have yet received, but, as it were, a drop out of the ocean ! but a glimpse of his precious fulness ; and an eternity of growing bliss lies yet before me ! This glorious prospect truly lays me where I would for ever lie, at his dear feet, the monument of his mercy. O that I could praise him as I would ! but language fails, and I long for that day when I shall praise him in nobler strains above. Were he to give the summons now, and call from earth away, O how gladly could I wing my flight this hour ! Loose from creature and created good, I only wait the joyful word, *Come up hither !* Then would I exulting,

“ Clap the glad wing, and soar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.”

In that blessed kingdom, dear sir, I hope to meet you, though perhaps on earth we may meet no more. In the mean time, may you be filled with all the communicable fulness of Father, Son, and Spirit ; rejoicing herein with increasing joy, and made very useful in your Lord's vineyard, prays sincerely your real well-wisher for Christ's sake,
H. A. ROE.

LETTER XVIII.

(To Miss Salmon.)

MALPAS, June 16, 1779.

My dear Friend,

How shall I praise my God for his goodness, his infinite, his stupendous love ? O how he heapeth his benefits upon me, and maketh every other blessing sweet, by the gift of himself ! Would any thing the world calls great or good, be any thing to me without my God ? Ah ! no, no : every thing most desirable is hateful to my soul, wherein I cannot taste, or feel, or see something of my dearest Lord : but, all glory be to him, he is my all in all things. Help

me to love this only lovely dearest object of my wishes. Let him, my dear sister, be our Lord and King for ever. Yes Lord, take our hearts—"Manage the wheels by thy command, and govern every spring." How sweet is the yoke of Jesus! O how gentle, how tender, how compassionate his care! how hath he borne you and I, as weak and helpless lambs in his arm, carried us in his bosom, and defended us from the fowler's snare! Eternal, precious Lord, thou indwelling Trinity, whom truly our hearts do love, accept the gratitude words cannot speak:—In silent adoration we adore thee, o'erwhelmed at thy amazing grace! I cannot utter, my dear friend, the sweet feelings of my heart, or tell you how divine a union my spirit feels with yours. O may you now, and henceforth, prove all that Jesus can bestow! How much is that? Words cannot tell you: but yours it is, through the merit of his blood.

I intended to begin my letter with thanks for your love and kindness to me at Chester; but, I was led to the precious fountain of all comfort, and when I had once begun his mercy's theme, I could not break off! I bear, however, a grateful sense of the affectionate regard you manifested: and, though to tell you so is all I can do, my Lord will surely reward. My love to dear Miss *Bennet*, and all that family; and to all where you are. I bear them all on my heart before God. I love them all; and if they knew how Jesus loves them, they would not keep back their hearts from him. I got safe to this place, and am treated very kindly by this loving family: but, O how I feel for those who love not God! My dear Miss *B.* is as open and free as before: My soul cleaves to her, and I have great hopes. Pray for her, and for your ever affectionate

H. A. ROB.

LETTER XIX.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, May 20, 1780.

My very dear Friend,

How agreeable was the reception of your affectionate letter! but I am very sorry to find your health is so indifferent. My dear friend, let me advise you to take all the care you can of your body, for it is not *your own*, but the Lord's. And I am fully convinced we have no right to

trifle with the precious talent of health, which is given us to improve to the glory of our God.

I every day experience fresh calls and fresh motives to praise and love our precious Lord. Nor is my grateful heart least moved at the gracious tenderness of his dealings with my dear sister. O my love, can you ever *now* distrust him for any thing? Surely such love hath destroyed unbelief for ever;—Surely you can *now* put no limits to his power and faithfulness; his grace—his willingness to save. O praise him and trust in him for ever!

“Look for his perfect love, look for his people’s rest; Hope to sit down with him above, and share the marriage-feast.”

Yes; there I trust we shall meet and rejoice together!—there we shall sing without weariness of body or soul, the wonders of his grace, and tell to all the listening heavenly throng, how rich, redeeming love, hath saved and ransomed, kept and preserved, delivered and strengthened, and at last brought us safe where the wicked cease from troubling—where the weary are at rest.

I rejoice that you are still pressing on to the attainment of that holiness which God calls you to. Only come by simple faith, and you shall soon experience that sweet rest, “from self and sin set free.” I look upon this blessing as consisting, not so much in overwhelming joy, as humbling love; though joy, as an effect, will surely follow after. With me it was thus: I sunk into my own nothingness, and was humbled in the dust:—Emptied of self and self-dependence, I submitted to be saved by grace. My depth of weakness was laid open to my view, but I cast myself on Jesus as my strength: emptied of all, I plunged by a simple act of faith, into his fulness of love, and found him all my salvation, and all my desire. When Satan suggested, thou wilt soon lose what thou hast attained: I told him, let my Lord see to that;—*He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth*:—Jesus is mine, with all his strength and fulness; and his grace is sufficient. I think, my dear friend, if you expect thus to be laid at the Saviour’s feet, in humblest love and self-abasement, the temptation, that the blessing is some thing greater than you will be able to bear, will vanish, or at least lose all its force: and, being thus humbled, thus united to Jesus, hang momentarily depending on him, and fear not but he will be your keeper. Faith is the bond of union, and in your union with him lies all your strength. He will water you every moment: yea, he will dwell in you as a well of water springing up into everlasting

life. He is himself all you want : He is Holiness ;—he is heaven ; and he is yours ! My soul longs for you.

“ O may you gain perfection's height, and into nothing fall !
Be less than nothing in your sight, and Christ be ALL IN ALL.”

You will, you surely will ! Nay, I have no doubt but you will soon prove this ; for the Lord enlarges my heart in your behalf, and I trust your next will convey the happy tidings.

The Lord is peculiarly gracious to your unworthy friend, and condescends to bless my small labours for him. In visiting the sick, I found a great increase of love to God, and to the souls for whom Jesus died. At some places, the neighbours coming in, the power of the Lord has been very present ; and some of them, who before were asleep in sin, are crying out, *What must we do to be saved ?* and so many fresh ones are sending to me daily, and begging I will call upon them ; that it seems as if my employment would soon be too great for my bodily strength : but, if he call me to the work, he will give strength for it. My one desire is to spend and be spent for him. Our present maid has a deep concern upon her mind, and I trust, will not rest short of pardon. She who has left us retains her peace, and walks uprightly. I cannot tell you the grateful feelings of my heart on this account. I thank you for your kind intention in the affair you mention :—Hope my God will reward every token of your undeserved love to your very unworthy, but sincere friend in him we love,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XX.

(To Miss Loxdale.)

NANTWICH, June 30, 1779.

My dear friend's letter was indeed a pleasure and a blessing to me ; and my Lord's great goodness to you is a fresh motive to love and praise him. But, fresh motives of this kind are no new thing to me : I am ever discovering instances of his goodness that fill me with wonder and astonishment, and cause me to exclaim with holy *David*, *Lord, what is man that thou art so mindful of him ?* Great things indeed, my dear sister, hath the Lord done for you, and for your unworthy friend : and yet, O stupendous grace ! we have only received a drop out of the ocean of his love : an endless prospect, and a maze of bliss lies yet before us :—opening beauties, and such lengths and breadths, and depths

and heights, as thought cannot fathom, or mind of man conceive! It is, my friend, the fulness of the TRIUNE GOD, in which we may bathe, and plunge, and sink, till lost and swallowed up in the *ever growing, overflowing* ocean of delights! His fulness! O what is it! shall we *ever* fathom it?—ever know a ten thousandth part? Ah no! a ten thousandth part of that effulgence, we could not bear to know and live! Nay, and when disembodied, through the revolving ages of eternity, I am persuaded we shall only seem *beginning* to know *his fulness of love*. What thoughts are these! when I enter into them, as into a labyrinth, they almost overcome my natural powers! O how very little of his revealed Glory can this earthen vessel contain! But, a time is hastening on, (and I eagerly wait for its approach) when, no longer imprisoned in clay, our eyes shall be strengthened to see him as he is;—see him for ourselves, and bask for ever in his smiles. Yes, we shall be with JESUS, and behold his glory. He will reveal to us also, as much as we can bear of the fulness of his Father's glory; and we shall be with Father, Son, and Spirit, filled to all eternity! But I have been led farther than I intended: I must return.

Permit me to ask, my dear friend, what are your ideas, what is your opinion, or what your experience of inward, instantaneous sanctification; whereby the *root*, the *inbeing* of sin is destroyed? I do not mean, or allude, to a state of angelic or Adamic, but a christian perfection; a destruction of every temper contrary to love:—a state consistent with many temptations of the Devil, if our heart repel those temptations, and our will do not embrace or yield to them; for that cannot be sin, in which our WILL has no part. Thus it was with JESUS: *In him was no sin, yet he was tempted in all points as we are*: Before his pure eyes did that enemy display all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them!—to his spotless soul he suggested distrustful doubts and presumptuous expectations; but in the Son of God they found NO PLACE. Again; what I mean is a state consistent with a *growth in grace*: for JESUS, though always pure, *increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man*. Is not such a state expressed and described in the thirteenth of the first book of *Corinthians*; and is it not commanded in these gracious words, *Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks*? Does not the apostle add, *This is the will of God concerning you*? and after praying, *Now the God of peace sanctify you WHOLLY*; does he not pray, that your *whole spirit, soul, and body*,

(after they are so sanctified) may be preserved blameless to the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? Then follows the glorious promise, *Faithful is he that calleth you, who also WILL do it.* And is not the same thing promised in the sweet passage you named; *I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you, &c.*? And again, did he not swear to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him ALL the days of our life. By the state I weakly attempt to describe, I mean, that degree of humble love, which excludes every temper contrary thereto; and faith, that excludes the remains of unbelief, and every tormenting fear; *for he that feareth is not made perfect in love.* It is fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the Spirit, by whose abiding witness we can say, *Abba, Father—my Lord and my God,* with an unwavering tongue.

I know this precious gospel salvation is even derided by some, and exploded by many: Perhaps you may have conversed with some of these; and not have met with many who have dared to speak for God in this respect; some of my expressions may therefore appear odd, or unusual; but, compare them with scripture, and mention with freedom any of them you may wish me to explain. As I know your situation, you will excuse the liberty I take in advising you not to meddle with OPINIONS: these insensibly eat out of the soul the precious life of God. Dispute not with any; or, if they seek hurtful disputations, it is a good way to propose prayer. But it may be well, as much as may be, to avoid the company of those who love vain controversy. Endeavour after a calm recollected spirit—a heart-felt union with a holy God. Sweet truth—GOD IS LOVE, and LOVE is, the Christian's ALL! Love in us is his nature imparted: it is the fulfilling of the law, the perfect law of LIBERTY. Whosoever loveth his brother, hath fulfilled the law to his neighbour: and he who loveth the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, hath fulfilled the law to him also. To such his commandments are not grievous;—not a task—a wearisome burden, but a delight: *They are ways of pleasantness—they are paths of peace.* And as we are under a law of love to God; so God, our God in Christ, is under a COVENANT OF LOVE;

in which is made over to us all *he is*, and all *he has* to give : —his every attribute ; his WISDOM to guide and teach ; his POWER to protect, help, and strengthen ; his FAITHFULNESS, his TRUTH, his MERCY, &c. all sealed over, and secured by covenant promise, and covenant blood.

O my dear sister, what a blessed portion is ours ! Let us determine to prove it all. *We may* ; I trust *we shall*, and together praise in endless day, the great THREE ONE. I am ever yours in him,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XXI.

(To the same.)

MACCLESFIELD, *August 4, 1779.*

I THANK you, my dear Sister, for your last, and would have written sooner, but a violent rheumatic pain in my head prevented me. I clearly see in your experience a deepening of the work of God. He is preparing your heart for his *perfect love* : he is emptying you of self, that you may be swallowed up in HIM : he is crucifying you to the world, that you may live *to him*, and *for him* alone : he discovers to you the beauties of holiness, that your soul and all its powers may be captivated thereby, and enlarged to ask and receive all his goodness waits to give. It is no marvel that Satan shoots his fiery darts, and employs his strongest batteries to prevent this work of grace : he ever did, and he ever will. This precious salvation entirely overturns his kingdom in the believer's heart : he hath no more place, no more power : he finds no inward evil now (in those thus saved) to close in with his temptations. His every dart is now repelled ; quick-sighted LOVE discovers all his snares, and armed with the strength of Omnipotence, we more than conquer !

The temptations you find, are the same I was followed with, when the fountains of the GREAT DEEP OF INBRED CORRUPTION were discovered to my view : Yes, I experienced them all, and ten times more. Mr. *Fletcher's* Polemical Essay, especially his Address to imperfect Believers, seeking Christian Perfection, was made a great blessing to me. This, with Mr. *Wesley's* Plain Account, answered every objection, every doubt ; and I earnestly recommend them to your serious perusal. These will lead you to see, we are sanctified, as well as justified, by *faith alone*, and not for our merits, fitness, or deservings ; but faith lays hold of the

blood of Christ, as the procuring cause of our holiness, and which *alone* cleanseth from all sin. This blood is all-sufficient :—as prevailing *now* as it ever will be. What then does the believer (*hungering and thirsting after righteousness*, or inward purity) wait for? The promise is, *they shall be filled*. Why delay? We may come just as we are; and if so, we may come this moment. It is said, Acts xxvi. 18, we are *sanctified by faith in Jesus*: and the work in that verse is plainly distinguished from justification, or the forgiveness of sins, both being there clearly promised. If then it be by faith alone, it must be also instantaneous, in the same manner as our pardon was. Did we not receive the one in a moment, by, and in the act of believing? And why should we stumble at coming the same way for the other? *By grace are ye saved, THROUGH FAITH*, in all the different degrees of that salvation, which we can receive in the body. If by grace, then it is no more of works, and if not by works, we need wait *for* none :—we may come just as we are, yea, just now.

May the Lord, while you read these lines, open the windows of heaven, and fill your spirit with his pure love. Do you thirst? Behold! rivers of living water gushing out of your Redeemer's wounds—water that will wash your inbred sin away. Is not the Holy Ghost waiting to apply the efficacious blood, and make you white as snow? Hovers he not over you?—Knocks he not even *now* at the door of your heart? O let your inmost spirit cry,

“ Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor hence again remove;
But sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.”

Amen, Lord Jesus, answer the prayer of thy child;—be it unto her as her soul desireth—fill her heart, and fill it *now*. I feel for the trials of your present situation, but the sweet love of Jesus, shall bear you above all. Take no thought for the morrow, but momentarily live *to* God, and *for* God, and nothing will be able to harm you. I am, my dear friend, yours in the best of bonds,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XXII.

(To the Rev. Mr. *Fletcher*.)DUBLIN, *December 14, 1784.*

Reverend and dear Sir,

I BELIEVE it will not be unacceptable to you to be informed how a God of love is blessing his dear people in this city. You have a peculiar right to expect this, because you were made, through mercy, the instrument of kindling a gracious flame in many hearts; and of preparing others to receive the message of salvation;—a *present* salvation, even from *all* sin. Had not you and your dear partner been here before us, it is probable we should not have been received as we now are. But the sound of your Master's feet was behind you, and a gracious favour was left upon the minds of the people in general; so that when we came, we found them eager to embrace the *whole* gospel. I had the clearest assurance, before we left England, that our appointment for Dublin was of the Lord, and every day brings me fresh proofs of it. It was also a kind providence which brought us here on the very day that precious woman Mrs. *King* (now Mrs. *Johnson*) was married; and in consequence of which, went to reside at Lisburn. Had we arrived before the society suffered so great a loss, my poor services might not have been so acceptable; and had it been later, the minds of the people might have been grieved to excess. But the novelty of strangers first engaged their attention, and the word of the Lord then soon became a sin-killing and soul-saving word, so that now every one's cares and fears terminate in a determination to secure their own salvation.

Another great blessing is, Mr. *Rogers* and Mr. *Blair* (his fellow-labourer) are united as the heart of one man: Mrs. *Blair* also, is a sister indeed to me, in spirit and real affection; so that we are a family of love; and one small house serves us all. And not the preachers only, but the stewards, leaders, and people *all unite*, and have only one strife—how they may best promote each others happiness, and the cause of God. And glory, glory, glory be ever ascribed to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, it is promoted! Sinners are snatched by grace, as brands from the burning, and the kingdom of God and his Christ is set up in many believing hearts.—

“Lo! the promise of a shower drops already from above:
But the Lord shall shortly pour all the spirit of his love.”

In six weeks from the time of our first arrival, many were awakened, and nine received a clear sense of pardon : These returned public thanks, which greatly encouraged the seekers, and raised the expectation of all. As it was manifestly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, it was thought expedient at our love-feast, October 10, to give notes of admittance, on that occasion, to many who were not as yet members of society, but appear desirous of salvation ; so that near seven hundred souls were present : and a feast of love it was, such as I believe many will praise God for to all eternity ! After several, who spoke with great freedom and simplicity, a poor penitent besought us with tears, to pray for her. The kindlings of love which had been felt before, now became a flame in every believing soul ; and when fallen on our knees, the power of God descended of a truth : every corner of the house was filled with cries of *God be merciful to me a sinner*, or, *Praise the Lord O my soul, who hath forgiven all thine iniquities !* Not one remained unaffected, and we have since found that seven were justified at that time : among whom was one that got a note of admittance in the morning : and several who came only with a faint desire, were deeply convinced of sin. The next night, another was justified under the word, and a second under the prayer, and a backslider healed ; and soon after, while Mr. R. explained and enforced, *blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven ;* dear sister Rud, whom, I am persuaded you well remember ; (for you took great pains to encourage and help her forward) even this poor nervous, afflicted woman, who has been a seeker twenty-one years, laid hold of the promise by faith, and received the *knowledge of salvation by the remission of her sins* : and notwithstanding she is often greatly oppressed by her bodily disorder, she is still enabled to claim her interest in redeeming blood. A poor vile young man, who had indulged himself in all kinds of sin with greediness, and, according to his own expression, "believed no God more supreme than himself," strayed into the chapel, just as Mr. Rogers gave out that text, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved* : He was that hour cut to the heart, and is now earnestly seeking salvation, and has received much comfort. Under the same sermon, one was justified, and another backslider healed.

Since this, a man and his wife came to preaching together, who had been seekers seven years, and their states nearly alike : They did not sit near each other ; but were both set at liberty under the same sentence, and in the same instant. They

both ran to catch hold of Mr. R. as he came from the pulpit, and there met each other, and rejoiced together with exceeding great joy. The man said, he knew his wife was blest before they thus met, as well as he knew that himself was. Another person, who had been a backslider ten years, first into Antinomian principles, and then into gross, open sin; fell lately into deep despair, and many times attempted to put an end to his life, but was as often prevented, by an almost miraculous providence. Friday, November 12, was the last time, when he had placed a loaded pistol to his breast, and intended to discharge it the next moment; but these words came with power, *Why will ye die?* He instantly fell on his knees, and dropped the pistol. He came afterwards to the preachers, who endeavoured to encourage him: and on the Tuesday following, he was at our prayer-meeting, where an agonizing spirit of prayer was given: He obtained *then* a comfortable hope of mercy, and at night under Mr. Blair's preaching, was set at liberty. This he told me the next morning, with streaming eyes, and gratitude unspeakable.

November 18, we had another love-feast at Gravel-walk: It was a more wonderful season than even the former. We know of nine that we have reason to believe were justified; and many lukewarm professors were greatly stirred up. Two of these found peace in the blood of Jesus the week after; another on Sunday night last, who was a papist: and another last night. A Jew is also convinced and converted; and from being, according to his sect, a pharisee, is now zealous in his love to Jesus; though at the hazard of his life, for his own mother, and other relations, have attempted to murder him at different times.

One of sister Johnson's classes, and another, since new-raised, are committed to my care. In the first of these are now thirty-eight members, in the latter thirty-six: and within the last quarter, ten of these have received a sense of pardon, and four others are enabled to love God with all their hearts. I have likewise undertook a class of young girls, from about nine to fourteen years of age. In a few weeks many of them began to feel awakenings, and a few were deeply convinced of sin. A month ago, one of these, ten years of age, received a clear sense of pardon: She told her companion of the same age, who prayed and wept, and would not be comforted, till she obtained the same blessing, which was in a few days. When the rest heard this, they were greatly stirred up, and the following Sabbath two more were as clearly justified, one of eleven, the other thirteen years of

age. There is a great and visible change in all these; and they speak clearly and experimentally. Seven more are under conviction, and I doubt not, will soon be brought into liberty. In all, we have certain accounts, since we came, of forty-six justified, eight sanctified, and one hundred added to the society.

As to myself, I never was so truly happy in *every* sense: happy in increasing union and communion with Father, Son, and Spirit, and sunk into depths of humble love, I feel my unworthiness and nothingness indisscribable: yet, stupendous grace! all the communicable fulness of a TRIUNE GOD is mine.—I feel the equal love of the UNDIVIDED DEITY.—As I worship the FATHER, so I worship the SON and the HOLY GHOST—MY GOD—MY ALL IN ALL. I am happy too, in one who is truly a help to me for soul and body, for time and eternity, and who greatly encourages me in all my labours: happy in my situation, amongst a lively, affectionate people, who make it their study how to manifest their love; nor have we one jarring string amongst us. O may we ever be kept humble at the Saviour's feet, and all our blessings (as through grace they do) prove only a scale to heavenly love. Please to remember us, in the most affectionate manner, to dear Mrs. *Fletcher*. We intreat an interest in both your prayers. When I last asked this favour at Leeds, I believe you granted it, and that your petitions were answered: Once more then, *pray for us*: And believe me, dear sir, in gospel love, your willing servant,
H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXIII.

(To Mr. *Matthias Joyce*.)

DUBLIN, May 1, 1785.

Dear Brother,

My soul greatly rejoices in your joy. I do join with you in that song which shall never end, *Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory for ever and ever.* O how precious is that life of simple faith you describe and possess! Go on, favoured servant of the Lord, and he will shew you greater things than these. I do not mean there is any thing greater or higher than LOVE: but in this ocean, what heights, what lengths, what depths! what immeasurable degrees, even in that communion with a Triune God, which it is our privilege to

prove! I know you feel something of what I mean, even of equal love of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. This we cannot *properly* feel, till freed from inbred sin: where sin remains, there cannot be that close union with the Father I now speak of: but sin destroyed, and we know the meaning of those words, *The Father himself loveth you*: and again, *I and my Father will come and make our abode with him*. Yea, the whole Deity flows in upon us—we are one with God. Consider that blessed scripture, *Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price*? By whom? By Jesus: therefore glorify God the Father; even the Triune God—Father, Son, and Spirit, with your bodies and your Spirits, which are his.

“ Drawn, and redeem’d, and seal’d,
— We’ll praise the One and Three,
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill’d
To all eternity.”

I hope the Lord will carry on a gracious work in Drogheda: I am glad to hear you see so good a beginning. I never heard of so universal a revival as I am told by many, is now spreading through England, Ireland, and America: and yet I think it is but the beginning of what the Lord will shortly do. Let us not be weak in faith, and we shall see showers of blessings. The promise shall surely be accomplished; and perhaps hastened speedily by the universal cry of God’s dear children: *The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea*.

I doubt not but you have had a precious season with Mr. Wesley: I think I never saw him more truly filled with his dear Master’s Spirit: We have heard of two souls convinced of sin, and eight justified under him while in Dublin: and, blessed be God, two more, since he left us, can praise a reconciled God, and one is set at perfect liberty; besides three more of the children, who have received remission of sins. I find, blessed be God, my own soul is as a watered garden; and I have access to a spring whose waters fail not, from which I ever drink fresh supplies.—O what wells of salvation!—what an unfathomable ocean of love!

A trifling affliction of body has, I think, sunk me deeper into God. Such heart-felt, solid peace, such inward nearness to, and fellowship with him, I have proved the last fortnight, as is better felt than described. It has been much of

“ That sacred awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

O for an enlarged heart ! O for ten thousand tongues to praise my God ! As it is said, *In that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, You in me, and I in you ;* so it is—the blessed day is come : I do know it ! I do feel it ! I know what it is to dwell in the Father, through the Son, and by the uniting power of the Holy Ghost, and ever worship an undivided Deity. These words have often been spoken to my heart, and I feel them now applied, *All that I have is thine* : Yes, my Lord, and I possess a drop out of the ocean : If I had much more at present, it would lay me dead at thy feet : but all is mine in happy reversion, and what my weakness can bear, thou wilt impart. O make thyself room, and more of heaven bestow !—Thou wilt, thou dost enlarge my heart : I grasp the God I seek, the God I love, the God I shall enjoy to all eternity.—Eternity ! O what a word is that !—A Triune God my own to all eternity ! Yes, yes, he is !—Wonder O heavens !—Be astonished O earth !—Be humble O my soul, and help me to praise him all ye hosts above ! O that all the world knew the riches of divine love ! O that all believers would give him all their heart.

My brother, let you and me covenant afresh with God, to spread the favour of his grace with all our most enlarged powers ; especially his full salvation, that rest from all sin, that rest of perfect love ; received by simple faith, and by faith *alone*. I think I never read any thing wherein that blessing is more clearly described, than Mr. *Wesley's* sermon in the March and April Magazines for this year, which, I believe, will do much good : for, how many have been discouraged by not knowing and considering that one point, “ Sin is a wilful transgression of a known law.” If this were the constant rule by which we judged of what we feel, how many vain reasonings would be answered :—how many subtle suggestions of the enemy ;—a mistake through ignorance, or through an imperfect memory, together with various hateful injections from an enemy ; a dulness of spirit occasioned by the body ; or a flutter of spirit occasioned by surprize, &c. none of these, I say, or all of them put together, would then appear a sufficient reason, why a soul should cast away its confidence respecting what the Lord has wrought : Seeing these are consistent with pure love, they are not wilful transgressions of a known law.

May the Lord bless you in your soul and labours, still more abundantly, prays, dear brother, your friend and sister in Jesus,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXIV.

(To the Rev. Mr. Wesley.)

CORK, January 24, 1788.

My dear and honoured Sir,

NEVER had one so every way undeserving, so much reason to praise a God of love. Day after day—nay, every hour I breathe, he loadeth me with his multiplied mercies; yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head. If I did not love him with all my consecrated powers, and momentarily offer up my *little all*;—if I were not resolved to embrace every opportunity to spend and be spent in service so divine, I should of all mortals be the most inexcusable:—for, O! his love to me is boundless;—I prove it an ocean without a bottom or a shore! The sweet communion I have with FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, is unspeakable! and whatsoever I ask of God in faith, it is done. In God I live: in him I move; by him I act and speak, and it is in him alone I enjoy all my mercies.

Since I wrote last, we have fresh cause for praise. The Lord is doing wonders amongst us here. It seems very likely at present, we shall see as great a work here as at Dublin. At the visitation of the classes this Christmas, we found the society increased from 397 members, (the number it contained last Conference) to 504; and the number of classes are increased from 24 to 30; and 56 souls have found peace with God since September last. The Christmas festival was a most blessed season: On Christmas morning at four o'clock, the preaching house was well filled, and God was truly present to bless:—many were awakened, and some converted. Many more were awakened, and four justified at the watchnight on new year's eve. Several also found pardon at the love-feast, and many witnessed a good confession: but the time of renewing our covenant exceeded all: Fourteen souls were that day born of God; some at their classes, and the rest at that sweet, solemn season of the covenant:—The house was truly shaken (I mean, every soul therein) by the power of God. I believe, none present, preachers or people, will ever forget it.—I trust I never shall. It was none other than the anti-chamber of glory to my soul!—the house of God—the gate of heaven. O how was I filled with his presence! how did I bask in the beams of his love! how was I made to feel his immeasurable fulness all my own, through COVENANT BLOOD DIVINE! Several were perfected in love, and several back-

sliders restored. Since this, between thirty and forty have joined the society; several of whom date their deep awakenings from the covenant night. Mr. Rogers saw it expedient on that occasion, to give notes of admission to some who were halting between two opinions; and most of them were then, and are now, determined to be the Lord's.

My classes being now divided, I meet twenty on a Tuesday, and eighteen on a Friday. My heart is knit to these precious souls; and, blessed be God, we never meet in vain. The Lord is pleased to bless me in all my weak labours, and he knows I ascribe to him all the good done, and all the glory. I do lie at his feet, and am astonished at his condescending love to such a worm. Last Sunday evening, thanksgiving notes were sent by four, for a sense of pardon received last week; and we here of two more, who received the same blessing that day. Several of our dear friends, who know and love the Lord, have entered into a solemn covenant with him, and with each other, never to rest till they experience PERFECT LOVE. One of these has since received the blessing, and seems in all things a *new creature* INDEED.

We have got another new place for preaching, in a very convenient and populous part of this city. Mr. R. preached there the first time, a fortnight ago, and told the congregation, he would meet in a class as many as were determined to forsake their sins, and seek the kingdom of God with all their hearts. Fourteen offered themselves, and were admitted on trial; and since then, five more; so that there is a new class meets there, of nineteen members. Great good is likely to be done, as most of the hearers that attend are strangers, who perhaps would never have heard elsewhere. We have now five preaching houses, at different parts and proper distances; and, I believe, we shall see a glorious harvest of precious souls. In all, since we came, seventy-seven are enabled to rejoice in a reconciled God, and many more seem just ready to step into the pool of redeeming mercy.

We hear good news respecting the work of God in Dublin, and in other parts of the kingdom: O may the Lord ride on in the glorious and triumphant chariot of gospel grace and salvation, till all be subdued! My dear Mr. Rogers begs me to send his duty and love to you, and joins me in daily intercession at a throne of grace, that you may be filled with the

fulness of every new covenant blessing. I am, my very dear sir, your ever obliged and truly affectionate, though unworthy friend and servant,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXV.

(To one who had set out fair for the kingdom of heaven, but at this time was grown languid and faint in spiritual things, and likely to return to the spirit and customs of the world.)

CORK, January 16, 1789.

My dear Friend,

I have long desired in the bowels of love, to see your soul advance in spiritual life; and having considered your state in secret, and with solemn prayer before God, I think duty calls me to try, if by freely and faithfully expostulating with you, I may, through grace, be an instrument of stirring you up to seek the Lord afresh, in that manner which alone will avail to your salvation; even so as experimentally to feel him your God, reconciled in Christ Jesus. Short of this you cannot be happy—you are not *safe*. An unpardoned sinner is under all the curses of a broken law; especially that sentence, *Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them*; which stands in full force against that soul who has never taken refuge in the one and only propitiation for sin; even *Jesus Christ the righteous*: for no man can come unto the Father, but by him; neither is there salvation in any other. He himself assures us, *If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come*: and, *except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God*. Bear with one who loves you then, while I ask a few serious questions, as in the presence of that God before whom we must shortly both appear, and in whose sight all things are naked and open.

Are you now as earnest in seeking the pardon of all your sins, as you were when, two years ago, you came with deep penitential sorrow and floods of tears, to join the society of God's people? O that you could answer me in the affirmative!—You well remember, the language of your soul then was, *The remembrance of my sins is grievous unto me, the burden of them is intolerable*:—*a wounded spirit who can bear*? You saw yourself a BARREN FIG-TREE, a cumberer of the ground, a brand ready for the burning; and that infinite Justice must have sentenced you to the pit from

whence there is no return, if unmerited mercy in your divine advocate had not prayed, *LET IT STILL ALONE*: Your cry was, with the publican, *God be merciful to me a sinner*, and with sinking *Peter*, *Lord save, or I perish*. For a time you acted agreeable to such convictions;—promising was the prospect, and fair the bud of grace:—the arms of love were ready to receive you, and angels even began to rejoice over a repenting sinner. But ah! where are *now* those fervent desires, those ardent breathings after God; those restless longings which nothing but the knowledge of his love could satisfy? Where is that restless spirit of prayer, that love to every ordinance and means of grace? How seldom was your seat in God's house then empty? Where is fled that deep seriousness which then ever sat on your countenance, and accompanied all your conversation?—that deadness to worldly company, worldly concerns, and the good will of worldly persons?—in short, that whole deportment which loudly spoke to all, that the language of your soul was,

“None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven.”

My dear friend, I could weep over you while I see the sad reverse:—Alas! it is not with you now, as it was *then*. you seem to have lost that blessed power, that weeping penitence, that happy victory over all the charms a delusive world can boast: Say, is it not the case? Have you not sunk back into careless ease and indifference, with respect to heavenly things—a false peace, and your spirit become light and trifling? You can now converse on worldly subjects, even as others, and join in their empty laughter; yea, and prefer such company to the lovers of Jesus. O why is this awful change!—Is God no longer a just and holy God to punish sin? Is he no longer a God of truth, who hath said, *The soul that sinneth, it shall die? Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven?* Is Christ and salvation, pardon here, and glory hereafter, no longer desirable? If otherwise, why then are you neglecting and trifling with your most important concerns? why are you returned to that which cannot satisfy? I tremble for you! O cry mightily to God, and rest not till you are again filled with that hungering and thirsting that cannot be satisfied, but in an experimental knowledge of Jesus crucified, and his nature written on your heart.

As the first step to a recovery, let me beseech you, *now* lift up your soul to him who discerneth in secret, and ask him, Lord, why is thy striving spirit departed, or just departing from me? Yea, ask your own soul, wherein did you *resist* and *grieve* that Spirit? He convinced you, he that would follow Christ so as to be saved by him, must forsake and give up **ALL**. But were you faithful and obedient to these teachings? Did you not, after a little, begin to keep something back, and say, is it not a *little one*? Was there no creature delight, no beloved companion you had forsaken for Christ's sake, which you have again yielded to, and taken pleasure in? pleasing yourself with the hope, that this *Agag* might be spared: whereas, the Spirit of truth hath said, *The companion of fools shall be destroyed*: and you are expressly commanded, *Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord*: on this condition only, saith he, *I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty*.

While you obeyed the voice of God, you could not go to balls, plays, or cards, for his spirit taught you, *She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth*. But, have you not been prevailed upon?—or, if not, have you not, in what is called *little things*, conformed to the world? Such as fashionable adorning of the body, even in *immodest*, as well as *costly* array? whereas, the command is plain and positive, and easy to be understood; *That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or costly array*: and again, *Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind*: that is, if ye would prove the *acceptable will of God*. Now, consider a moment: after (contrary to checks of conscience) indulging yourself in any of these things, could you pray as before? nay, were even your desires after God and spiritual things as lively and vigorous? Ah no! the Spirit of God was grieved, and he moved not upon your spirit: he left you to yourself, and you neglected duty more and more; till now, I fear, you can at times plead with the world you had forsaken, against singularity, against shutting yourself up from carnal company, and subjecting yourself to the sneers and disdain of those, who see no beauty in Christ and salvation. Alas! how changed! how trifling did you once account the scoffs and frowns of such; yea, not worth a thought, when you first felt your state as a lost sinner: Then you would cry,

"Let earth and all its trifles go;—
Give me, O Lord, thyself to know,
Give me thy precious love."

And are you happier now? Are you in a safer state—more fit for heaven? It is true you may have less fears of hell; but this is no good sign, for you have more *cause* to fear. You were then a *repenting* sinner; and had you persevered to seek, you would, before now, have been a child of God, and an heir of glory. But you are now a *trifling* sinner; and, O think a moment! what is it you are trifling with?—With God that made you—with Jesus, who shed his blood for you—with the Holy Ghost, who awakened and hath been long striving with you:—You are trifling with eternal happiness and eternal pain, and with your own immortal soul. This is an important subject, and demands your immediate attention: In a little time it will be too late to reflect or repent. O then, as you value eternal life, stop! O go not a step farther from your God: but return with weeping and with supplication, to the feet of him you have pierced—him who yet prays for you, or you had been in hell:—to him who is yet willing to wash you in his own blood, and by the power of that Spirit you have grieved, save you from *all*, even your most besetting sin. But delay not, or he may swear, *You shall NEVER enter into his rest.* Speedily cut off the right hand—pluck out the right eye—take up your cross, and give up all. You cannot serve God and Mammon:—You cannot be a friend of the world, and not be the enemy of God:—You cannot indulge the spirit of the world, without losing your own soul. And be not deceived; if you follow the fashions and vain customs thereof, *you have* the spirit of it, and love it more than God. "If as the world you live, you as the world will die." God forbid this should be the case! O fly for refuge to the hope set before you! and let me have joy over you in time, and in the day of eternity.

I have, however, warned you; and perhaps it may be your last warning, your last call, if you should now neglect. God will not always strive! He may, before you are aware, lay the ax to the root of the tree, and cut it down. O that you may henceforward bring forth the fruits he requires: first, the fruits of repentance, then, the genuine fruits of faith. Then shall I meet you with joy, among the sheep at the right hand of yonder dazzling throne!—when the Ancient of Days shall sit, and the books shall be opened

—when the righteous shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, and be as pillars in his house above, to go out no more!—Amen, Lord Jesus, prays yours in real affection,
H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXVI.

(To one lately emerged out of Arian darkness.)

CORK, November 5, 1789.

My dear Miss D.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours, and rejoice that you know in whom you have believed, and that your face is now Sionward. Go on, my dear sister; it is a blessed path:—The goodly land is before—the land of sacred liberty, and glorious rest from all sin. O that you may soon prove by happy experience, *Perfect love casteth out all (slavish) fear!* and that the deepest humiliation before God, on account of our ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness, is not only consistent *with*, but inseparable *from* rejoicing evermore; for the ground of that rejoicing is, that he who hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in HIS OWN BLOOD, hath *all* the honour and glory, and is all in all for ever; while I sink a poor worm at his feet—o'erwhelmed at his free unmerited grace:—grace that plucked me from the gulph beneath—reconciled a poor guilty rebel to her God—changed the leper's spots, and made the Ethiopie white. Thus, the more deep our sense of unworthiness, the more precious is Jesus, our interceding Advocate with the Father, who in his exalted human nature, ever liveth to intercede for us, until that day when he shall deliver up the kingdom (viz. his meditorial office) to God, even the Father, and the glorious Godhead of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, shall be all in all for ever. O the preciousness of such an High Priest, such a Saviour, such a Counsellor, such a King! O for more heart-felt union with him—more of the power of his transforming love! Blessed promise, *he that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness, shall be filled.*

You have heard, I doubt not, of precious Mr. Fletcher's death, and how he proclaimed with his latest breath—GOD IS LOVE! O that we may be filled as he was, with his heavenly Master's Spirit. There was a witness of the power of grace!—a living and a dying witness that JESUS can save to the uttermost. Let me exhort my dear friend, to come just as you are to the open fountain of his precious blood:

and how soon may you feel the merit of him you were once taught to despise, made of God unto you, not only WISDOM and RIGHTEOUSNESS, but also SANCTIFICATION and REDEMPTION.

You see how freely I write, as if I had known you seven years. I hope you will follow my example in this, and let me know the particulars of your spiritual state, that I may rejoice yet more in your joy. My love and my dear partner's attend you. *May he that liveth and was dead, who is the first and the last—the bright and the morning Star,* be the portion of your happy soul, prays your invariable friend,
H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXVII.

(To Mrs. Condry.)

CORK, October 11, 1789.

My dear Friend and Sister,

I BELIEVE you are well able to answer your own questions. However, as you desire it, I will freely tell you my thoughts on what we call Christian perfection. We do not mean hereby, the perfection of God, of angels, of disembodied spirits, or of Adam while innocent. But we mean that perfection of which *our* natures are capable, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the second Adam. We are under the law to Christ; viz. the law of love—the law of liberty; or, in other words, the covenant of grace. Whosoever loveth the Lord his God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, fulfilleth this law. The lowest degree of this salvation, is to have all contrarieties to this love cast out of the soul. We may be said thus to love him with a *pure heart*, when proud self and great *I* are slain, and we feel only humility. When anger, fretfulness, or impatience are no more; but we even feel a meek and quiet spirit:—when *I will*, and *I will not*, is all brought into subjection to the will of our heavenly Father; and our will is, that HE should reign over us:—when he really does regulate and govern our passions, affections and desires; inordinate desires, and inordinate creature love, being no more: and lastly, unbelief (and consequently all tormenting fear, and painful anxiety) is wholly cast out. But, after all this, it remains that we go forward, that we grow in grace, till we be not only emptied of sin, but filled with all the fulness of God.

The moment any soul is justified, it is free from the power or dominion of outward, and of inward sin; and may hold fast that blessed freedom to the end. But, supposing a person does this, such a one will feel a mixture of evil propensities, tempers, affections, and desires; which defilement is so rooted in our nature, that none but JEHOVAH JESUS can cast out *the strong man armed, and spoil all his armour wherein he trusted*. It is true, we may mortify, resist, and keep under those evils, but JESUS ALONE can pluck up and destroy every plant and root, which his Father planted not. We may gradually grow in grace and holiness, and hereby increaseth in victoriously subjecting the enemy within: but JESUS ALONE can *slay* the MAN OF SIN.

All salvation too, is by faith alone, as the instrument. If then, we must be saved by faith it is in a moment, and the *present* moment, if not our own fault: for, what wait we for, who are the children and heirs of God? and therefore heirs of the promises, which are all to us, *yea and amen in Christ Jesus*. If we wait for more worthiness—to suffer more, to do more, to be more *fit*; then we are seeking to be sanctified by these things, viz. by works. But if we believe, we can only obtain the blessing by grace through faith, and this salvation is the free gift of God; then let us be consistent with ourselves; let us expect it *by* faith—expect it in a moment, and expect it *now*: which are one and the same thing, and are inseparable. To be dying, and to be dead indeed unto sin, are two things. Be not *you*, my sister, content with the former: “A man may be dying for some time;” says Mr. Wesley, “yet, properly speaking, he does not die till the moment the soul is separated from the body, and in that instant he begins to live the life of eternity: in like manner, a man may be dying unto sin for some time; yet, he is not *dead indeed unto sin*, till sin be separated from the soul, and in that instant he begins to live the life of *pure love*.” O be you *dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ your Lord!*

It is the blood of Jesus alone cleanseth from all sin:—not penal sufferings, not mortifications of any kind, not any thing *we have*, not grace already received, not any thing *we are*, or *can be*; not death, nor purgatory; no, not the purgatory of all our doings, and sufferings, and strivings, put together:—no, no! Christ is the procuring, meritorious cause of all our salvation.—He alone forgiveth sins, and he alone cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Faith is the *only* condition, and it shares in the omnipotence it dares

to trust. *All things are now ready*, is the gospel message; and Jesus saveth all them unto the uttermost, that come unto God by him. *I will, be thou clean*, is his language to every seeking, leprous soul!—to you, if not already cleansed.

Joy in the Holy Ghost is a blessed fruit of this salvation: but divine joy is not always rapturous; we may be sorrowful, yet *always rejoicing*; and there is suffering love, as well as exulting love. A person saved as above, may experience a degree of heaviness, or dulness, for a season, through bodily infirmities, close trials, or sundry temptations; but such a one cannot walk in darkness. Likewise, many mistakes are consistent with this state; I mean, errors in judgment, and failures in memory; yet, the will stands firm for God, and the intention is always single. Involuntary sins, (as some call them) or sins of ignorance, (except the ignorance be wilful) are not breaches of the law of love:—For these things we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is our propitiation, and washes our holiest duties in his own blood: to whom we will ever give honour and glory. I am, my dear sister, yours in the bonds of pure love,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXVIII.

(To Mr. H. of Sheffield.)

CORK, March 12, 1790.

Dear Sir,

I have been so long silent that I am almost ashamed to write at all. I can only say, I am more fully engaged than you can easily imagine; and more so every day: As to farther apologies, I really have not time to make them, and must rely on your good nature to excuse me. It gave me real pleasure to hear of the prosperity of your soul. I cannot doubt, from the description you give, but the Lord hath put you in possession of what you so long desired, and you can now love him with *all your heart*; or, in other words, from moment to moment, with all your present powers. What, with all your strivings, you could not do before, viz. keep your mind from sinful wanderings, and the rising of evil tempers; fix your eye on things above—fix your affections there; this you now find is done by the power of God, through faith. It is not *you* that now live, but Christ liveth in you; and your tempers, will, affections, passions and desires, move in the will of God; sweetly at-

tracted and governed by divine love. You feel you are helpless; but Jesus is almighty, and faith makes all his omnipotence your own—You are tempted, but sin, though offered with a pleasing bait, can find no entrance: for, lo! the Lord your keeper stands omnipotently near, and till our WILL give way, we have not sinned. What some call *involuntary* sins, or sins of ignorance, we know would be breaches of that perfect law, adapted and suitable to the perfect body and perfect soul of *Adam* while innocent: His perfect knowledge gave him at one glance to see how he ought to act in all things; and if he acted contrary to this perfect knowledge, he sinned. But we (even when sanctified) are not perfect in knowledge, and therefore an all-wise and gracious God, hath put us under a LAW or COVENANT, adapted to our capacity, and which our renewed natures *are* capable of, even the LAW OF LOVE—love to God and every soul of man. To keep *this* law is CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Love is the fulfilling of the law: Involuntary sins, therefore, or sins of ignorance, are not sins in the gospel sense; but, to him that believeth any thing to be sin, (though otherwise unessential) to him it is sin. This you know; and while you keep the *law of liberty—the law of love*, you feel your many weaknesses and shortcomings are all atoned for by the all prevailing, ever-pleading blood of Jesus: and in this sense it is, we every moment need the merit of his death.

I have had a touch of the fever and sore throat, lately so very prevalent in this city; but, how tenderly hath the Lord sweetened all my pain; by the divine consolations of his love and constant presence. I think affliction was never so sweet before: He continually spoke to my heart, *All that I have is thine*; so that every moment I was swallowed up in love and praise. My dear partner joins me in christian love, and believe me, dear sir, to be your sincere friend and sister in Jesus,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXIX.

(To a Friend.)

LONDON, December 5, 1792.

My dear Sister,

As our precious Lord has again restored me to a little strength, I feel renewed desires to devote it all to him. Wishing to be of some little use to the afflicted among his

dear saints in this city ; in the course of my visits, yesterday morning, I called upon Mrs. *Jacques*, (a poor woman, only three doors from our Spitalfields' chapel) and I was thankful I did so. She gave me a pleasing, affecting account of her husband, who died a month ago. Hoping and praying it may prove as great a blessing to your soul, as it has been to mine, I here relate the particulars.

They had been married five years. For two years after their marriage, they lived reputably ; when it pleased the Lord to afflict Mr. *Jacques* with a palsy, so that he was unable to work : and about eighteen months ago he had a second stroke, which took away the use of one side entirely ; and he was then confined to his bed. A blood vessel was strained, or broke, which affected his throat, and formed a lump there as big as the head of a child. This affliction reduced them to deep poverty : but they were assisted by kind friends, who also visited and prayed constantly with them. While in health, Mr. *Jacques* had frequently heard the Methodists, and was, enlightened respecting the way of salvation ; and during his sickness, he earnestly sought the Lord ; but his evidence was never clear, till a little before his death. His wife knew the Lord in her youth, but was a backslider in heart from his love ; yet, she earnestly desired salvation for her dying husband ; and would often say, " My dear, how is it with your soul ? Have you confidence in God ? " &c. He would answer, " I am not happy ; I have no assurance. " She asked, " Do not you think he has power to save you ? " he said, " O yes, but I want to know he *does* save me ! " Several friends prayed with him, and for him ; yet the cloud remained until the Monday evening before he died. As one of our friends went into his room that night, he cried out, " Lord, save thy poor helpless servant this night ! O visit me with salvation under the prayer of this thy servant :—Pardon my sins, and heal my guilty soul ! " The Lord heard ! and (before his friend rose up from prayer) so delivered him, that he cried aloud—" Now I am happy ! Now I *know* Jesus has forgiven me *all*, and I shall be with him for ever ! I am happy ! I am happy ! " Thus he went on for some time. To his wife he said, " Trust the Lord, and be resigned, and seek his forgiveness with *all your heart*. —Are you resigned ? " She said, " I cannot give you up. " —" Not resigned ! " said he, with great concern, " You *must* be resigned, for I *shall* be taken from you—I shall die this night, therefore resign me quickly ! " After lying composed a little, he bid them pray. A person present did so :

but he bid them pray again! They asked, "Are you not happy?" he said, "O yes, I am; but you have yet need to pray—The time is very short!" They prayed again; but he turned to his wife and said, "Do you pray."—She said, "Lord help me to pray." And she found power earnestly to entreat the Lord to finish his work; and that if any thing remained to be done, to speedily make an end of sin. This satisfied him; and he said, "That is *right*:—thank thee. The Lord is here, and I shall soon be happy for ever!" (farther adding) "I have much to say to thee, and the time is very short.—Are you resigned?"—She said, "I hope I am."—"Well," said he, "that is right: then I shall soon go! Trust God, and he will take care of thee." After lying a little, with his eyes closed, he cried, "Sing—sing—I am just going!" They could not sing for tears:—he seemed displeased, and cried, "Will none of you sing?"—They could not answer him, and he said to his wife—"What! will not *you* sing? You ought not to weep, but to *sing*, when you see me going to God!" And then he gave out, and sung with a loud voice,

"Salvation, O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!" &c.

after which he lay composed a little; then started up, and said, "*There* is the Lord Jesus! *Betsy*, *there* is the Lord Jesus!" And to another he said, "See! *there* he is!—the Lord Jesus!—I am going!" and immediately dropped, as it were asleep, into his arms; for he spoke no more.

My soul was comforted by the above relation. O what is all below compared with a death like this! What are trials, which are but for a moment, when the joy which is set before us is so exceeding abundant! The poor widow now desires to meet class with me; and I bid her come: May she be joined to the Lord in bonds never to be broken. I am, my dear friend, yours in our common Lord,

H. A. ROGERS.

